

The WAR CRY





[Photo by E. Symington

SNOW BLOSSOMS

The War Cry

Page Two



"Mine Eyes Have Seen THY SALVATION"

A view of Jerusalem, showing the "Mosque of Omar" (in background) on Mount Moriah, reputed site of Solomon's Temple



THE familiar recorded scenes associated with the birth of Jesus had all been enacted. The young mother went up to Bethlehem. There was the Birth in the Manger, the Angels, the Star in the East, the surprise of the Shepherds, the visit of the Wise Men, the wonder of the populace on hearing the unusual tidings.

As the days passed, and as the news seeped through, no doubt this

ing of the Saviour. And when a devout Israelite took into his arms the Incarnate Messiah, the past, which had answered its purpose like the scaffolding when the top-stone of a building is laid, was taken away.

For all the sins of the world there came the remedy — Jesus the

all the dark beclouded days which depress and deject, there came Jesus, the Light of the World.

And Simeon, gathering up the joy of His being, left on record for all time that memorable sentence, "Mine eyes have seen Thy Salvation."

An enslaved world needed freedom. A groping world needed light. A world, dead in trespasses and sins, needed life. A lost world needed to be shown the way back to God. And that Emancipator, that Light, that Life, that Way was Jesus, the long sought of the ages, Whose advent stirred the nations to their deepest depth; Whose teachings were to thrill His followers and confound His enemies; Whose Kingdom was destined to

*Stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.*

SINCE that declaration in the Temple at Jerusalem, the world has witnessed tremendous upheavals which have shaken nations to their foundations. The lust of war, the greed of gold, the jealousies of trade, the passion of conquest and possession, have at different times produced cataclysms which for the time being halted the wheels of progress, stirred up enmity and hatred, and set the hands of the clock of progress revolving backward instead of forward. But after every thunderstorm the sun comes out again, the effects of fierce rain and devastating lightning are soon healed, and

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BY COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES

unusual story was told and retold by the local residents, and by people farther afield; then came the usual visit to Jerusalem to "present Him to the Lord."

Waiting in the Temple was the just and devout Simeon. Long years had he served in this sacred building, and while tired nature kept reminding him that time was passing, the hour getting late, and he must soon depart hence, yet an inflexible will sustained by buoyant hope kept him at his post.

And now at last for him the great hour had arrived—the most glorious moment of his life. One great bright light in the darkening western sky met his wondering gaze.

Imagine the sacred surroundings of the Temple; the young mother with her wee Babe about whom so much was being said and written, and the old man, Simeon, taking the Infant in his withered arms—surely one of the most striking and picturesque scenes in the whole Gospel narrative.

THIS is all a setting for something much more important, namely, the message of the servant of God: "Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word; for mine eyes have seen Thy Salvation." All that had happened had led up to this one point, the com-



Commissioner and Mrs. B. Orames



"'Twas the night before Christmas"

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Self-giving Victorious

By the General



N the night the International Headquarters was destroyed a grievous loss was also sustained by a body of men whose vocation it is to add to the world's good music. They had left their instruments in a great public hall in London, ready for further service. By next morning those valuable instruments had been involved in a fire so fierce that even where the cases had not been actually destroyed, their contents fell to pieces as they were opened. Within a few hours a call had gone forth, and the response made one of the many bright chapters of the war on the London front.

From all parts of the country came offers to replace the destroyed instruments. Musicians asked for the opportunity of giving their valued possessions. Men who in youth had ambitions to become accomplished players, and who at great sacrifice had acquired costly instruments, gave these treasures rich in memories.

Within a few days the complete orchestra had been re-equipped. The London Philharmonic was reborn because of the powers of giving called into life by the great need. Its members had given, as music always gives, and in the hour of need even greater gifts had come back.

IS there not here a new illustration born out of these troubled days, of the Eternal truth of Christmastide? "For God so loved the world that He gave," and that giving wins us from our selfishness and sin. "For God so loved . . . that He gave"; the words come ringing down the centuries. They have in them the music of the angels' song above Bethlehem. They are carried on from generation to generation on wings of countless anthems and carols, declaring the certainty of God's immutable truth that God's way of giving is supreme, the only way of reconquering a world lured by the Evil One from the joy of obedience.

The breach of this principle, the spirit of self, of getting rather than giving, is at the base of all human sorrows. It destroys the inner life of the individual. It makes the family circle a little hell. It reduces to chaos the ordered ways of nations.

With all its sinfulness humanity has long apprehended this truth. Who, for instance, honors the memorials to men who have attained renown by what they have gained for themselves? I remember the sadness with which a citizen of a newer land once said to me, "There are few memorials to national heroes in our country; we have been too much concerned with getting."

Take any land's legends, folklore or history, and search for characters remembered because of their grasping power! There are not many! There are

dreaded names, it is true, in the history of every nation. There are stories of men who so misused their great talents that they forced their way into the ranks of leaders. A few women are remembered because of their surpassing wickedness. They were brought by evil deeds into the company of the remembered; but not into the ranks of the loved. And their work has perished. "We know from our own Napoleons," said one of Europe's tried leaders a few months ago, "that such conquests do not last." The loved ones of all ages and classes are the loving and giving ones. Their number has been growing greatly during recent months. Among them we proudly recall many Salvationists who have refused to leave their posts in the hour of peril. They have given themselves in service, facing danger and all unconsciously winning the admiration of those who know them.

"You Sisters have got pluck," said one jovial police inspector to a Slum Officer who was carrying tea to air-raid victims, "If you don't move from where you are, you'll be blown to bits. You're standing by a bomb! And what would General Booth do then?" The tradition was there, and the recognition of the tradition. William Booth's women live to give!

WHY then is a principle so universally recognized, so widely ignored? Is it not because the self-centredness of the human heart is set in opposition to the vision of the enlightened mind? Men grow afraid to trust their more general impulses. They think they grow wise as they lose the innocence of childhood, whereas in reality, they are steadily being blinded to the truth.

Away back in the beginning of our history stands the Tempter telling Eve that if she only secured the forbidden thing she would be wiser, happier and greater. God's plan for Adam and Eve was that they should give their possessions, co-operating with Him in making more glorious their garden and giving Him the fellowship He desired with (Continued on page 28)



A charming study of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, with General and Mrs. Carpenter, examining the maple leaf emblem on a garment made in Canada for war-distressed people in the Motherland



[Painting by Le Rolle]

"Though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

"To Save a Poor Sinner Like Me"

THE "blackout" had been completed at the office at four o'clock, and at five the car felt its way out of the grey, old city. I was to take supper with some comrades and afterwards pay a promised visit to an immense, deep air-raid shelter, located in some famous chalk caves in Kent. During the pleasant meal the wail of the siren sounded, and listening ears caught the unmistakable beating drone of a bomber overhead. Then bark, crash, — boom, answered guns of varying calibre. "Let us go to the kitchen," said my hostess, and to a small,

white-painted reinforced room five people repaired. The ceiling was upheld by steel rods and wooden beams, the windows shuttered, and except for a direct hit, one was as safe there as might be.

We chatted and waited. "You should not go out to-night," urged a kind voice. "But yes, if the barrage ceases a little," I replied. Presently

My Dear Canadian Comrades
and Friends:

The two Christmas Days we spent with you are still fresh and sweet in our memory. Last Christmas was different from anything we had ever known. I think you would like to share in a visit paid to a deep shelter where thousands of people find refuge during troubled nights.

M. L. C.

the firing began to dwindle, and to the door came a faithful comrade with a car. How could he know which way to turn or how to proceed in such darkness as could be felt? The guns were still grumbling as we crossed the threshold, but we reached the vicinity of the caves before severe firing commenced again.

Leaving the car, one was conscious of tramping feet going in one direction, though one could not see the walkers! We were piloted to the entrance, guided into the caves at last by a dim, reflected light. Once beneath the arching roof, it was good to realize that perhaps one hundred feet of chalk was above one's head; after progressing a few moments, all sound from the outer world was shut out.

Twenty-five years ago a visit to these caverns, excavated, it is believed, by the Druids before Christ came to this earth, had been of great interest. That day, my husband and I, and the children, each carrying a small lantern, had followed a guide through a maze of winding passages. For the most part these lanes were clean, and dry and high, though here and there we needed to lower our heads. We were shown embedded

By MRS. GENERAL CARPENTER

in the chalk the fossil remains of a mighty dinosaur; on we went to a place that seemed to have been designed as an altar for pagan worship. In imagination, we peopled the caves with white-robed priests of the dim long ago, torches lighting their solemn, bearded faces as they performed their mysterious ceremonies.

Now our party was invited to divide—two remaining in the altar room, the others moving down the passage. The two sang a hymn, and by some marvelous acoustic quality of multiplication, the two voices became a choir. That visit was made in the days of peace when the ugly prospect of war did not occur to the mind.

When thousands of people were needing a place to lay their heads in safety at night, the memory of these miles of caverns, clean, dry, with a moderate mean temperature, presented itself. Had not our ancient forbears prepared a place of refuge for such a day as this? A few lines to the authorities concerned, official investigation, a favorable report, swift, sure work by the engineers, and so a safe retreat, with electric light, ventilation, hot water service, first aid post, a few simples rules and kindly air-raid wardens in charge, was close at hand.

A warm invitation to visit this underground city was accepted with a promise to bring a company of singers to give Christmas carols. Our party, pressing forward from the cave's entrance, was met by the Chief Warden who, proud of his unique domain, showed us his office, the clinic where a kind nurse was tending minor accidents and ailments, and led forward until, rounding a bend, we found ourselves in the midst of the people we had come to visit. Here was abundant light. Moving through the maze of "streets" alive with cheerful, kindly folk, we came upon the "shops," a stall with reading matter, others with food and hot drinks; at a great hot-water urn, people were making tea; even the barber had his sign displayed, and everywhere the spirit of kindness and courtesy, mutual accommodation.

Then we entered the sleeping quarters, "pitches" as they were jocularly called, of the thousands. Many beds were spread on the floor, evidently only used at night, their

owners returning during the daytime to their more or less damaged homes; but in various cul de sacs, communities had made more permanent arrangements having brought their beds, dressing chests, chairs, linoleum to cover the ground, even family knicknacks were in evidence, and some flowers.

Was ever Christmas celebrated in so unusual a place! But the spirit of joyous festival was abroad; the "streets" vied with each other in gay decorations of paper chains, mottoes, of good cheer, and "falling snow"—(bits of cotton wool strung at intervals on cotton thread).

The intersection of several "streets" made space for us to form a ring, and there, with cornet and concertina, we began a carol service. Around us gathered a true Army "open-air" crowd, men and women, and dear little children who pressed into the ring looking up with wrapt faces, learning and joining in our songs in the time-honored way. "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful," "Once in Royal David's City" pealed out. The people eagerly accepted song-sheets and heartily joined in the singing. We wished to make the message of Jesus still clearer and to bring it still nearer to the listening throng.

*"When Jesus was born in a manger,
The Shepherds came hither to see,
For the angels proclaimed that a
Saviour was born
To save a poor sinner like me."*

The words were sung tenderly, slowly; the chorus was taken up with joy. Then one told how the caves reminded him of a picture much loved in childhood. Many of us know it and love it—the baby Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the gentle cattle about them, in just such a cavern as this. The shepherds and the wise men came to greet the Babe there, and surely spirits were longing for Him to-day, and He was seeking them. Would they open their hearts this Christmastide to the Lord Jesus? How the people listened; the children's eyes were like stars. Surely the "seed" was falling upon good ground.

We moved to another, and another

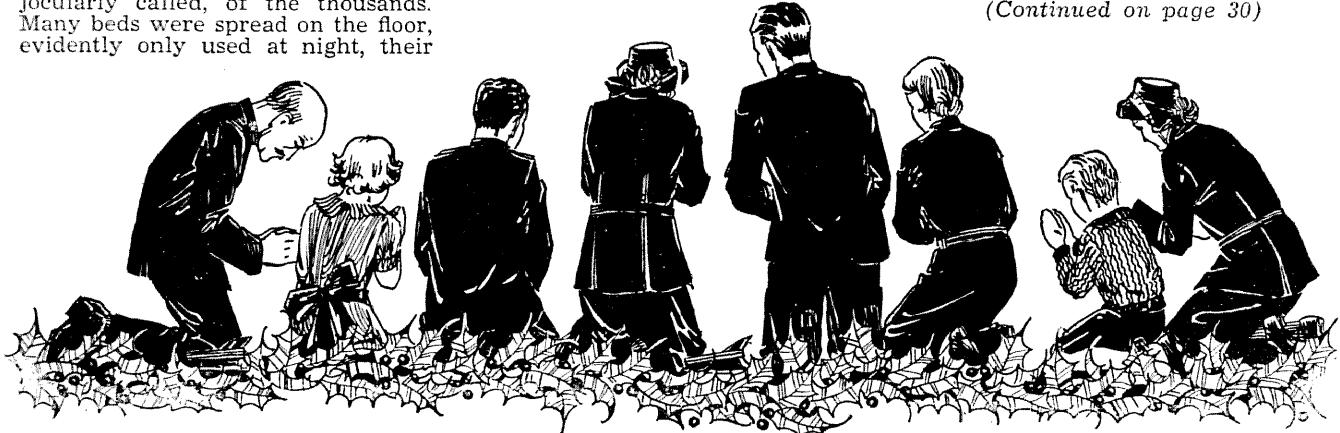


[Painting by Hoffman]

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

open space; again the carols pealed out, and always we sang "To Save a Poor Sinner Like Me," for that was the one purpose of our meetings—to declare the presence of the Son of God amongst men to-day, not as a king conquering by force, but a Saviour longing to change the heart of man; a Saviour offering peace and rest by cleansing sin from the soul. There was no room amongst men for the Son of God when He came to earth long years ago. Would those who heard His message to-night refuse Him a place in their hearts and lives? We who have received

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THE MAGIC of CHRISTMAS

By the Chief Secretary, Colonel G. W. Peacock

"There seems a magic
in the very name of
Christmas."

Charles Dickens

HE old, old Christmas Story never loses its magic spell by the repetition of years; its simple heart - language of love pervades all time and penetrates all space, lifting human life up into the Divine ecstasy of the joy of living.

It is the story of love expressed in a gift: "God so loved—He gave." Love cannot help but give—a gift is the only language a heart can utter. I read also this fact in the signs of the present troublesome times: we have become bigger, better and braver men and women because of our gifts and sacrifices, and because we are brought face to face with tremendous realities.

The story reveals to us God dwelling among men, in all the innocence and purity of a little child; in humility, in tender care, in a Gloria in Excelsis which surpasses our highest thoughts. Any contemplation of the mastering power of the first Christmas Day numbs the mind of man; it must be received without argument; it is born out of the silences and must forever remain a blessed experience of the human soul.

"Jesus, oh, how sweet the name,
Jesus, every day the same;
Jesus, let all saints proclaim
His worthy Name forever."

Christ still remains the world's most outstanding Figure, He is the Supreme Personality of the ages. Isaiah prophesied of His coming: "His name shall be called Wonderful." Truly He was—and is—Wonderful.

One of our Canadian newspapers published an article entitled, "Who is our Lord?" and in answer to the question asked by Jesus, "Whom do men say that I am?" the following symposium appeared:

To the architect He is the Chief Corner-Stone.
To the astronomer He is the Sun of Righteousness.
To the biologist He is the Life.
To the builder He is the Sure Foundation.
To the carpenter He is the Door.
To the doctor He is the Great Physician.
To the farmer He is the Sower and the Lord of the Harvest.
To the geologist He is the Rock of Ages.
To the horticulturist He is the True Vine.

To the Judge He is the Righteous Judge, the Judge of all men.
To the philanthropist He is the Un-speakable Gift.
To the newspaper man He is the Good Tidings of Great Joy.
To the sculptor He is the Living Stone.
To the preacher He is the Word of God.

The dominant note in the first Christmas was wonder. The shepherds wondered at what they had heard and seen. The Magi wondered when they saw the Babe lying in a manger. Joseph and Mary were filled with amazement. Even Herod wondered when he heard the news of the King's birth. The Star blazing in the sky, the Angels singing their immortal anthem, the oxen in the stall sharing their place with the Child were all occasions for marveling.

After all the centuries, it still is wonder that prevails at Christmas. In every home the main emotion is wonderment. Where astonishment fails, the joy of the day is lacking. The children especially are round-eyed with wonder. It is the element of surprise that constitutes their chief delight in the day.

Among the reputed lost sayings of Jesus discovered in recent years, it is said that one of these reads: "Wonder at the things before you, for he that wonders shall reign." How true that is! Archimedes wondered and discovered the law of

specific gravity. Newton wondered and gave us the law of gravitation. James Watts wondered and created the steam-engine. All our amazing modern inventions grew out of wonder.

It ought to be easy in these days to experience the feeling of wonder, for we live in a truly marvellous age. The King speaks over the radio to one hundred and fifty million people around the globe. No scientific explanation can rob that fact of its wonder.

Christmas—the Magic Word! It conjures up a wealth of joyous emotion not exceeded, perhaps, by any other word in the English language. With its crooning lullabies, its jolly games, its happy carols, its songs and stories of Virgin and Babe, it is a festival of the home. It is a time when broken friendships are repaired; when envy, pride, and hate, are dissolved, so that personal visions are clarified again; it is a time when man's generosity and hospitality are limited only by his resources.

It is a festival of Christianity, for Christ revealed the truth that His

Colonel G. W.
Peacock



Mrs.
Peacock

THEIR ORIGIN

CHRISTMAS cards are said to have originated in 1846 when an artist, Mr. Joseph Cundall, of London, created a colored lithographed card about the size of a visiting card. The custom of exchanging these was not introduced extensively before 1862, when they became much more modern in form with "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year" printed on them.

No doubt the need for a card of this kind was suggested by the custom of writing letters of congratulation at the time of a holiday. It had long been an English custom to shout "Merry Christmas!" from the window on Christmas morning, and the next step was to send a card to a friend expressing the same thought.

Father's storehouse was stocked with gifts for all. It is a festival of hope, for it proclaims with organ, bells, song, and feast the duty of men to hasten the time when the prophetic words "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men" shall be universally realized.

Let us all approach Christmas in reverential awe—and putting aside for the time the drab circumstances that hinder our happiness, let us fall upon our knees in adoration, wonder and reverence before Him whose "Name shall be called Wonderful."

The War Cry



LIGHT AND SHADE IN SOUTH INDIA



WHAT is it like to spend Christmas in a Leper Colony in India? No glistening snow; no exhilarating atmosphere; no cozy home nor home-going; degrees of heat the reader may have never experienced; incurable lepers everywhere; tasks to be done as usual, but with smiling faces, thankful

into filmy veils turned to a thousand rainbows in brilliant sun-rays; violet-blue mountain vistas hiding behind blown palm-fronds; luxuriant blooms and green lawns. Visitors sometimes drive in through the gates, but few dwellers go out. The majority remain to the end of their lives.

But where one would expect to encounter gloom, happiness is found, and Christmas is one of the happiest seasons of the year with its gifts, feasts and joyous activities.

What could make better gifts for adults than clothing? Not of course, the style worn in Western countries, but long pieces of cloth, partially sewn, which patients picturesquely wind about themselves. In the particular Leper Colony with which this article deals, that at Puthencruz, South India, the Hospital Officers

And what for the boys? Marbles! Even though some could not handle the elusive shiny globes without difficulty, bags were sewn and filled. Toys there were, too, and scrapbooks full of bright pictures, dearly loved by color-loving Indian children.

* * *

ALL was now ready. The moon looked down with winking eye, for something rare was taking place—Christmas Eve in the Leper Colony!

Carols floated on the warm air; not sung on this particular occasion, nor played, but whistled. And by two doctors and the Canadian nurse. Quite a strange procedure, but the courageous young woman could not sing the words in language understood by the patients for it was her first Christmas among them, and there were no instruments, so—they whistled! It was music for which the angels hushed their song.

In that light-spattered compound the Christmas scene was enacted simply; shepherds worshipping and wise men adoring, until the sweet solemn hush was broken by gift-giving in the name of Him who gave Himself that even lepers might receive the Christ-Spirit.

There were, of course, bed-ridden patients who could not join in animated merry-making. To these the carollers went. Around and around the hospital blocks they walked until every man and woman and child heard "the glad sound."

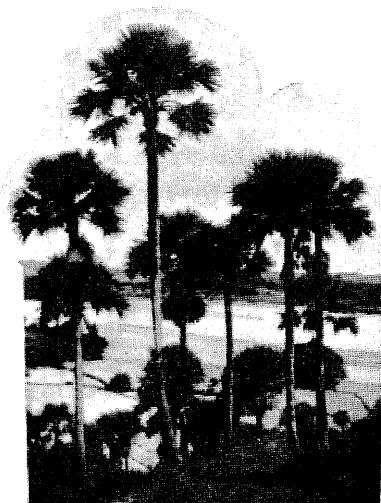
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The Day's events opened with a
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A group of Salvationist Nurses: Captain Anna Williams with native nurses serving in an Army hospital in India

made over a hundred of these, and also a few dresses for elderly folk. Great pleasure was also derived from the making of dolls for the girls; stuffed rag ones, with eyes, noses and mouths affixed, and dressed to look just like their owners-to-be.



A - STORY - THAT - EXEMPLIFIES - THE - TRUE - ARMY - SPIRIT



CAPTAIN Howard Truelove trudged along the main street of Smartville on his way to his Quarters. He appeared to be deep in thought.

It was Christmas Eve and the snow was beginning to cover the ground. Not too cold, the weather gave promise of a real picturesquie, old-fashioned Yuletide and the townsfolk were consequently in good spirits.

Excellent highway conditions en-

miserly old Simon Hawk, the merchant, at once the meanest and richest resident of Smartville, and who continually complained of hard times, was heard to say that business was "not too bad," which was quite a concession on his part. He had even gone so far as to put a quarter in The Salvation Army tambourine on the last two Saturday nights when the lassie collector passed by, a hitherto unknown occurrence.

Yes, things were in prosperous shape, not only in the town, but in the Corps. Truelove's Corps finances were good, his five hundred Christmas War Crys had sold like the proverbial hot cakes and there was not a single comrade of the little Corps out of harmony with his plans and who was not with him wholeheartedly in his undertakings. He had proved himself a godly and capable Officer during his stay of six months, and had earned the goodwill of all.

Yet, to-night, as he plodded homeward, the Captain felt somewhat depressed in spirits. Despite the fact that all the joy that comes

way, "Now we'll be able to have a real Klistmas, after all." "May Heaven bless you Captain," the mother had said, after he had a word of prayer with the family, her eyes brimming with tears and her voice trembling with emotion.

That was his last visit of mercy that day, but Truelove's mind did not dwell upon the happiness which his toil and sacrifice had brought to others; he was thinking of something else.

Truth to tell, he was taking mental stock of things. He had, he told himself, been stationed at Smartville several months, and not a great deal had been accomplished. True, the Corps was out of debt, the Soldiers pulled well together and he had earned the goodwill of the townspeople. Not a few had openly passed flattering remarks about "The Army Captain being a real asset to the community."

On the other hand, but few conversions had been recorded. Most of these had been backsliders of long standing who had been helped to take their stand again by his fre-

TRUELOVE'S STRANGE CHRISTMAS GUEST

abled the farmers from the surrounding district to get easily into town and business was agreeably brisk for the store-keepers. Even

through helping needy families, visiting the sick and other works of mercy had been his, he was still downhearted. Only half an hour previous he had, through the help given him by several generously inclined members of the community, been able to gladden the hearts of a destitute family with a well-filled hamper of goodies. He had chuckled hugely at the sight of Joey, the youngest member of

the family frequent visitation and evident concern on their behalf. Because of this fact new life had come to the Corps as all the town was aware.

Very few conversions had happened lately and this fact worried the Captain not a little. It was all right, he thought, to get the Corps on its feet financially, and have a respectable congregation meet every Sunday, and a night or two in the week, but were there no deep-dyed sinners in the place they could get after?

His meditations were cut short by his arrival at the tiny cottage near the Hall which did duty for the Quarters. Thrusting the key into the lock he opened the door and was soon inside. The fire in the kitchen range had burnt low, but a few sticks of wood quickly revived it. After a while the kettle began to sing cheerily and the Captain prepared for himself a frugal repast.

He had been appointed in charge

By Gladstone Faraday

and just able
to talk, clapping
his tiny hands, lisping
in his baby

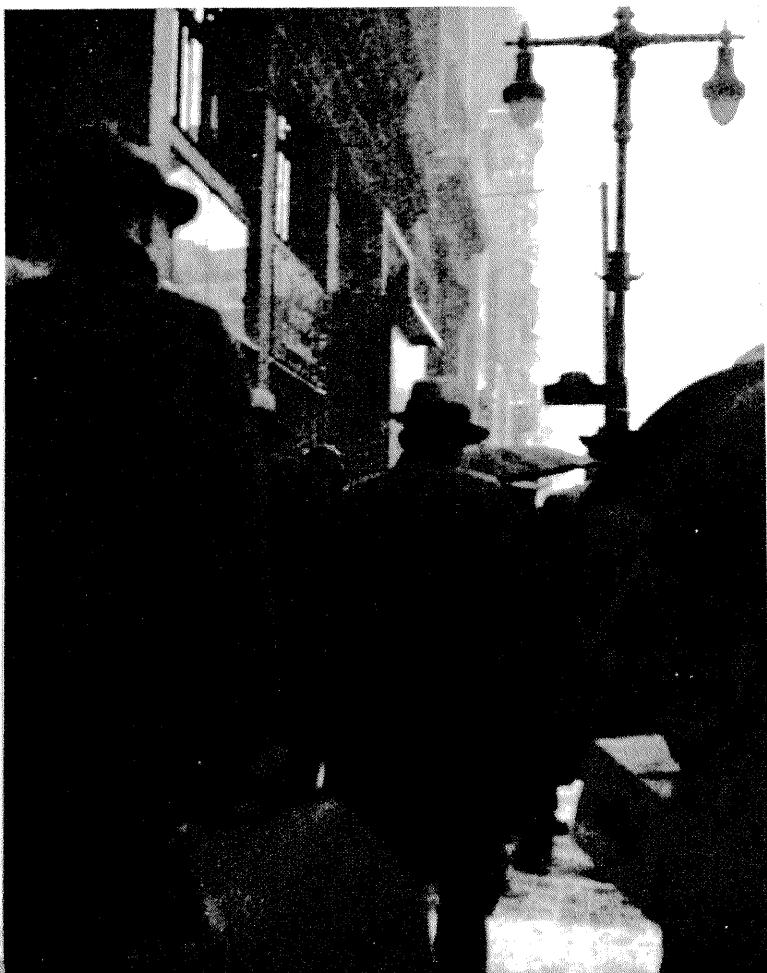
Nearing
Christmas Eve

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of the Corps alone, but by this time he had accustomed himself to his own company. Often he had smiled over his first attempts at batching—he was none too good at it yet—but determination and practice went a long way and his efforts were, well—passable!

As meditatively he buttered a

The War Cry



substantial round of toast, he recalled with a start that five invitations had been proffered him by friends to share their Christmas dinner. As yet he had accepted none as he was a little afraid that in accepting one, the others might feel slighted. And Captain Truelove, as a wise leader, was in the habit of treating his Soldiers with the strictest impartiality.

A bright idea suddenly struck him. "I'll do it!" he exclaimed to himself, bringing his fist down upon the table with such force as to make the teapot dance a jig. "I'll invite drunken old Jake Miggs to have dinner with me, and fix up everything myself. The Founder said, 'Go for the worst,' and surely there's no one worse than he in Smartville." Dropping on his knees the Captain returned thanks for his repast and without waiting to clear the table, bounded through the doorway in search of his guest-to-be.

Old Jake lived in a miserable shack on the outskirts of the town. He rarely did any work, lived in a state of abject poverty and was drunk half the time. He was looked upon with intense disgust by many of the townspeople, and children were afraid of him.

Often in his drunken fits, had Jake interfered with The Army open-air meetings, but he had never been inside the Hall. He seemed utterly destitute of any desire to improve his wretched surroundings and condition, and lived hermit fashion, by himself.

When Captain Truelove knocked

invite you over to my place for Christmas dinner. I'm all alone and I had a notion that you might care to keep me company. There's lots to eat."

Jake stared his surprise; if he had received a blow between the eyes he could not have been more so. His mouth opened and shut in a convulsive manner. Finally he gave vent to a hoarse chuckle. "Me dine with you—The Army Captain, indeed. Why, I haint been invited out for nigh on twenty years. Anyway, nobody wants a beast of a fellow like me." There was bitterness in his voice as he uttered the last sentence.

The Captain spoke gently and persuasively and to his relief—he had set his heart on getting his man—Jake agreed to accept the invitation. To make assurance doubly sure the Captain arranged to call for him the next morning.

On his way home Truelove purchased some necessary provisions. When he reached the Quarters he almost stumbled over a large box on the step. Stooping down he found

would be having a great time today. He was scarcely more than a lad and it is not to be wondered at that a lump came into his throat for a moment. He dismissed the scene, however, from his mind; he must prepare for his special guest.

As we have already stated, in culinary affairs Truelove was not an expert. He determined, however, to put up the best meal he knew how for his company. And so he peeled the potatoes and prepared the meat with extra care. He knew also that his guest would not be too particular as to the serving of the meal, providing that it was substantial.

When all was nearly ready and the potatoes browning around the savory-smelling roast to his satisfaction, the Captain laid the only clean tablecloth he had on the table, arranged the sundry articles of cutlery and dishes and then went in search of his guest.

He found Jake all right and evidently expecting the visitor, for he had made an attempt to wash himself and straighten his clothing. He had even made an endeavor to comb

The Army Founder said, "Go for souls, and go for the worst!"

at the door of the shack there was no immediate response. Finally a shaky voice bid him enter and he obeyed.

"Whad'ye want?" growled Jake, who was seated on the edge of a broken-down camp bed. There was no other article of furniture save a chair and a table, so the visitor sat down on the former.

"I came to

some kindly-disposed person had left a piece of bacon, a juicy sirloin beef roast and some loaves of home-made bread. "Thank the Lord!" he ejaculated. "This will help us well over Christmas."

The greater part of Christmas Eve the Captain spent upon his knees. He was praying for his guest of the morrow, and earnestly petitioned that God would give him the worst man in Smartville.

* * *

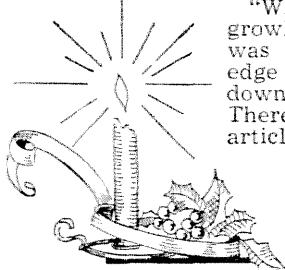
Christmas morning broke bright and fair. Truelove thought of his folks on the old homestead, a thousand miles or more away. They

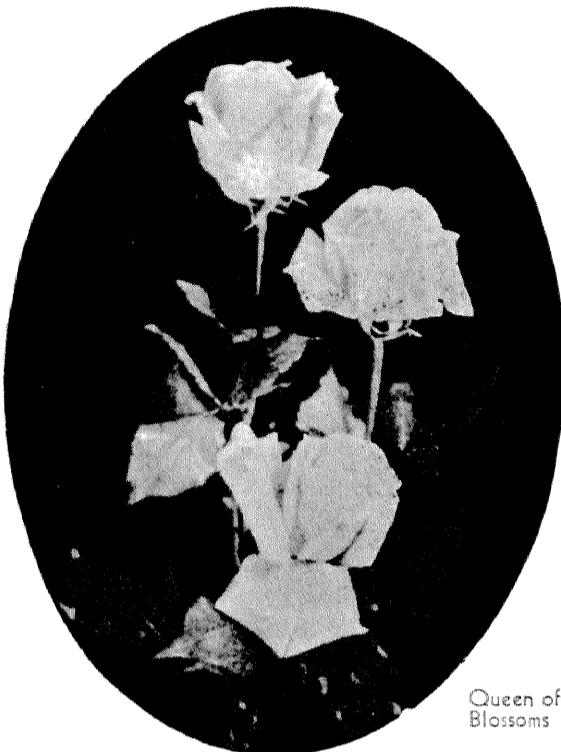
his matted hair and effect a parting. The Captain did not know it, but this was Jake's first effort in this direction for a long time. The kindly invitation of the Captain had inspired him.

"Merry Christmas!" grinned Truelove, mightily relieved that Jake had evidently purposed keeping his word. "Ready to come over?" Jake gave a mumbling response and in silence the two left the shack.

At the Quarters the Captain endeavored to put his guest at ease and make him feel at home. He showed him into the only rocker

(Continued on page 22)





Queen of
Blossoms

triants the red. Later, England took the red rose as the emblem of the realm, and Englishmen, whether at home or abroad, faithfully wear this flower in their buttonholes every St. George's Day.

The varieties of roses to-day, the result of multiplied hybridizing by experts, are numerous. Rosarians have tabulated 16,000 names, and claim that a study of these reveals the entire gamut of human emotions; joy and pathos, allusions to art, literature and history, love and romance. Some titles must surely be the products of imaginative minds, Dream, Happy Days, Talisman, Ellen, Love, Ophelia, and Pink Delight being a few. The most popular red rose at the present time, according to a Canadian florist, is the variety known as "Better Times." Perhaps it is because of its encouraging name. Great people—Queen Elizabeth for example—and cities, have been honored by the naming after them of a particular hybrid. Some rose names commemorate political or historical events. The most interesting one is Independence Day, which curiously enough

a pleasurable pastime for garden lovers. It is also "big business." The Dale Estate at Brampton, Ontario, whose autographed roses are famous throughout America, grows annually five million blooms. That means tremendous glass housing, for natural seasons mean little to these expert florists, and the forcing of blooms at all seasons has been given considerable research. This firm—the largest of its kind in America—has a million and a half square feet of glass housing, or if you can visualize acres easier—35 acres. These greenhouses, if placed end to end, would extend nine miles, and it is no wonder that travellers notice the scent of this botanical town miles away.

Timed for Christmas Eve

In Canada, during 1940, the rose was by far the most popular flower, 14,679,104 blooms being sold at a value of almost \$800,000.

Roses at Christmas time means roses out of natural season. Warm temperatures in the greenhouses, together with winter sunlight pouring

ROSES IN DECEMBER

The Most Symbolic of Flowers, Grown in Canada, Participates in the Christmas Festival



T is Christmas Eve. The last parcel has been placed on the conical evergreen with its flashing garlands and glass. There is but one more task; and dexterous hands arrange the last contribution to the red-and-green seasonal scheme—a bowlful of queenly roses. Now the picture is perfect. The white star, tip-toeing on the pinnacle of the bundle-bearing tree, flaunts its beam on the plush petals and vein-threaded leaves. The roses reign supreme. Christmas Day admirers will know that a deeply meant wish has been "said with flowers."

No one seems to know where or when the first rose bloomed. Perhaps it was in Eden. And its color? Those are secrets locked in the odorous chalice of every rose that spills its fragrance on the summer breeze or enhances every significant festival.

Isaiah's Apt Metaphor

For centuries, however, roses have been the most symbolic of all flowers; on the list of "meaning of flowers," the rose leads the way as typifying "love." Isaiah, the Israelitish prophet, when describing the transformation of an inexorably arid desert, found he could say nothing more apt than that "it blossomed as the rose."

Not always has the career of the rose been peaceful. The fiercest civil war that ripped England into two opposing factions was the War of the Roses, so named because both the Yorkists and the Lancastrians, in their 15th century struggle for control of the government, adopted the rose as their badge. The Yorkists claimed the white rose, the Lancas-

ters the red. Later, England took

was originated by an English grower.

Philosophers and poets, from Dyonisius to Moore, and hymn-writers, including the renowned Isaac Watts, have given consideration to the rose. This flower has also made its way into the language of the world; for when secret meetings are held, or confidential matters are discussed they are said to be *sub rosa*—under the rose. It was customary long years ago to suspend a rose from the ceiling of the secret council chamber, and words uttered "under the rose" were never repeated without.

No garden, however modest, is complete without its rose-bush, or decorative pergola over which lays a colorful climber. Business men, after the day's work is done, affectionately tend their rose-bush friends. As the season advances they anxiously watch the maturing buds, and when the blooms are young they are clipped and displayed to friends and family with all the care and pride one might give the Crown Jewels.

But rose growing is not only

through the glass roofs, are consequently needed to approximate summer light and heat. The roses must be on the threshold of breaking bud on Christmas Eve. Florists, therefore, need to advance or retard the forcing of the flower, timing the flower's



A gorgeous orchid blooms
fresh and fair

FOLLOWING the STAR

By Major Catherine Baird

HOW ringingly the Star Eternal shone—
As far as faith could see,
and all alone!
Yet nearer than my heart her beauty beamed
When, feeling through the morning mists, I seemed
To touch the substance of a sil'vry sheen
To look upon a loveliness unseen.

How silently the Star Eternal led
Where dreams of men and dreams of God are wed;
So, moving with a friendly caravan,
I knew the splendor in the mind of man
Who travels from the thoroughfares afar
To bathe his soul in glory from the Star.

How lovingly the Star's eternal light
Lured all there is in me of heavenly sight,
Thus through my following at last I found
A wid'ning chasm; there no sight nor sound.
I soon must slip into this gaping place
Or from the Star forever turn my face!

How peacefully the Star Eternal shone—
As high as love could reach, and all alone!
Into the emptiness I sank. 'Twas night!
But in the shadowings my soul took flight
On wings that folded were until I fell—
Following the Star.



maturity to the minute. To have "roses in December" means that heat equal to summer warmth is required; five million blooms involves the burning of twenty thousand tons of coal, and the steam thus generated must rush through ninety miles of pipe.

Not only growth but height can be regulated. In contrast to the world's smallest rose, the Rose Rouletti, which grows in the Jura Mountain Range of Switzerland, and which is so tiny that a bee stopping to call almost covers it, are perfect rose blooms crowning slender and straight stalks twelve feet high.

The Rose of Sharon

What is the secret of the rose's queenly place in the floral galaxy? Perhaps it is the fresh and delicate perfume, like that of the Sweetbriar after soft showers; perhaps it is the exquisite structure of the rose's petalled tent and dewy leaves; perhaps

it is its symbolism. Perhaps, and it is not altogether unlikely, the rose is most flavored of the flora because it has a sacred association. Most people will remember that one of old, desiring to paint the beauty of

the altogether lovely Son of God called Him "the Rose of Sharon"; thus lifting the attractive Syrian mallow with its stately shrub and choicest of flowers to a new and holy place of significance.

She Went "The Second Mile" But The Blessing Her Visit Brought Was Worth While

THE League of Mercy worker, following the distribution of War Crys in her section of a large city hospital was hastening out of the institution, when someone touched her on the arm and said: "I have just come from visiting my father. He does not have many visitors and he is feeling rather depressed. Would you please go and see him?"

The Salvationist hesitated. She

had left much work at home to do, and was anxious to get back to it. But here was a call for the "second mile." She smiled assent, and obtaining the name, retraced her steps.

Suddenly she halted. In her haste she had not taken particulars of the sick man's whereabouts. This took up more of her time, but finally she found him—a screen round his bed.

It was just the briefest of visits, a sympathetic smile and a whispered prayer. But a soul was encouraged to seek God afresh. With teardimmed eyes he thanked the visitor.

He is now out of hospital strong and well again, but the memory of that brief touch thrills him still. And he is still telling others about it. The Salvationist's housework was not finished until after midnight on that particular occasion, but she never regretted going back.

Five million rose blooms are grown annually at the Dale Estate, Brampton, under the thirty-five acres of glass seen in the accompanying picture taken from the air. Illustrations by courtesy of Dale Estate, Brampton

... Days To Christmas

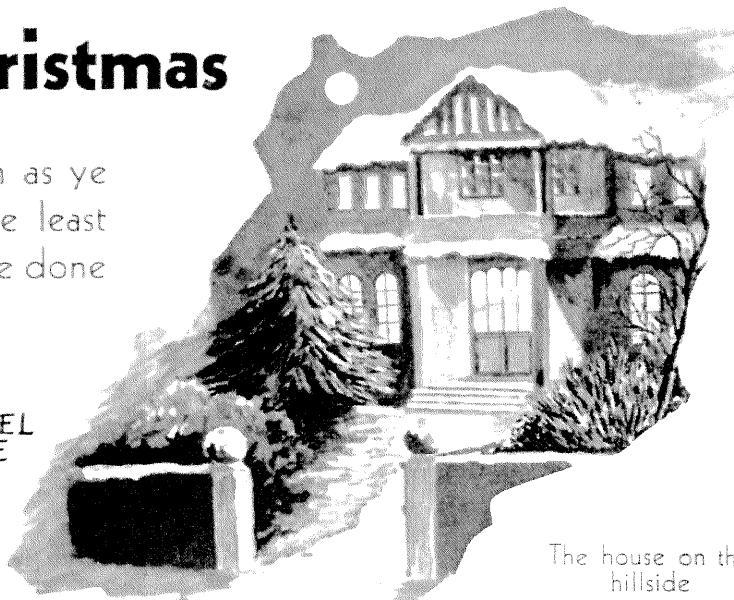
The Master said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—Matt. 25:40

IT was very quiet in the kitchen of the cozy house on the hillside. The sun shone in at the muslin-curtained windows; on the red and white of geraniums and fuchsia; the rose pink of begonias, and the delicate mauve of shamrock; on the gleaming nickel of the tea-kettle and stove; on a well-scrubbed floor and home-made rugs, on one of which a beautiful tawny-and-white collie was stretched, motionless, while a fat grey cat purred drowsily, under the stove.

It shone, too, on the well-brushed grey hair of a woman who rested for a brief moment in a low rocker, her work-worn hands idle in her lap, her head bowed in thought. Suddenly she spoke aloud! "Nineteen days to Christmas! Think I'll ice the cake to-morrow. The mince-meat is all ready in the big crock, the puddings are hanging in the cellar, and Bob will be bringing a small turkey or goose next time he goes to market. Seems we have everything we could want for Christmas, except — a child in the house. I wish—! Dear Lord, you know how I wish; yet You know best." Then—"Bob will be back soon, and he'll be cold and hungry. Think I'll fry some of the sausage-meat." And rising, she began the preparations for supper.

A tall woman, with a somewhat angular figure, Jessie Barnes was yet very attractive; for the wide, deep-set grey eyes were really lovely; her cheeks were healthy pink, and when the corners of her eyes wrinkled in laughter an unexpected dimple peeped from the left corner of her mouth.

BY
ANGEL
LANE



The house on the hillside

Presently the collie wakened with a start, cocked an alert ear, then wagged an ecstatic tail. "Yes, he's coming, Laddie, boy. Go and meet him!" and the woman opened the door for a boisterously happy dog, ere she turned to place the frying-pan on a hotter part of the stove-top.

Soon a piping hot meal was all ready to place on the supper table, over which a big, well-trimmed lamp cast a cheery glow, as daylight turned to dusk. Then, foot-steps on the crunchy snow, and she turned with a welcoming smile as her husband entered.

Bob Barnes was a tall man, with shoulders that stooped a bit; but his sea-blue eyes and ruddy cheeks glowed with health and friendliness.

The eyes were tender as he put an arm around his wife's shoulders and gave her a warm kiss. "My! it's good to get home to a place like this. It's a lucky man I am, to have a home and a wife such as mine, Jess," adding with almost boyish eagerness. "Bring on the grub; I'm famished!"

A moment's splashing at the wash-bowl, a reverent bowing of the head and he fell to as only a hungry man can; while Laddie and Tippy licked their chops in anticipation.

His hunger assuaged, he said, "I've a big surprise for you, Jess, but nary a thing do I tell you till we've had prayers and the supper - dishes are washed."

Jessie Barnes giggled like a school-girl, for she well knew that excitement "went to her brain," and good housekeeper though she was, the dishes were apt to be forgotten!

The meal finished, the

big Bible was brought from the "front room," and Jessie sat with happy face and reverent heart as her husband read in a vibrant voice, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." Then, kneeling together, each offered heartfelt thanks for all the blessings of the way.

"I'll go and bed down Dick for the night while you do the dishes, then I'll tell you my news." And with Laddie at his heels, Bob Barnes set off to the small stable where his faithful horse was quartered.

When he returned carrying various boxes and bundles, he was greeted by a warm, cheery fireside and a wife aquiver with excitement and curiosity.

Arranging his parcels around his chair he hung up his coat and cap, washed his hands and then said, as he seated himself, "I met the little Army Captain when I got to town this morning, and she said, 'Oh, Mr. Barnes, I'm sure God sent you in! I need someone to do me a big favor, and with so much on, everyone is so busy, and Christmas is so near.'

Forlorn Little Shack

"It's like this, Mr. Barnes. While out with my Christmas War Crys, I called at a forlorn little shack, far out of town, and found a young woman and three children in direst poverty. There's a girl of seven who has never had a doll, a boy of about six, and a boy of two and a half years.

"The baby is a beautiful child; all are nice, attractive children, clean, but oh, so threadbare. The mother has worn herself out trying to keep a roof over their heads. Now, those children simply *must* have a real Christmas! But they must also have clothing. With things as they are, new clothes are out of the question. But I went around and collected several articles of clothing, also a doll and some odd scraps for doll

(Continued on page 22)



Christmas In . . . Canadian History

A GLANCE BACK OVER THE YEARS

THE first Christmas ever kept in Canada was by Jacques Cartier and his brave handful of Breton sailors, as they wintered by the great rock where the city of Quebec was to rise, in 1533. They doubtless kept it in the French fashion, more as a religious festival than the English did, for the French, like their allies the Scotch, did their feasting at New Year's. But they doubtless had the charming French "Peace-making," when Cartier would read from his French Bible—"Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be known as the children of God." And any of the hotheads in that company who had had angry words—and perhaps more, would be urged by their friends to come forward and shake hands.

But that first Canadian Christmas could not have been a merry one, for many of Cartier's men were dead or dying of scurvy.

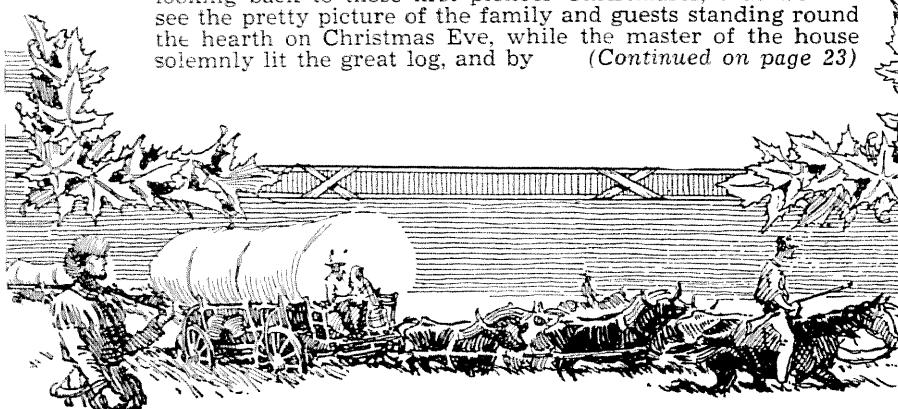
The second time white men wintered in Canada was in Nova Scotia, in 1605, and there they suffered, too, terribly from the scurvy to keep any kind of feast; but the next summer the genius of Champlain took hold of things, insisted on trying to grow European vegetables in Canada—though all the agricultural experts in Europe said that nothing belonging to the old world could possibly flourish in the new. However, the vegetables did grow and with them, especially onions, scurvy was banished—it being caused by a salt meat diet—and the Christmas of 1606 was a truly merry one, kept with feasting and games. And more than that, that Christmas meant that the white man had come to Canada to stay.

The next Christmas Day marked in Canadian history was in 1635, but in the tiny French colony of Quebec it was kept with half-masted flags and tolling bells, for early that Christmas morning, Samuel de Champlain, maker of Canada, had died.

It is good indeed that Canada had for her founder a man, who, besides being brave and energetic, was as true as man could be. We may think sometimes that "sharp" men are the ones who prosper, but our history shows us that the reason why French Canada never had a war with Canadian Indians—the Iroquois were invaders, from what is now New York State—was because it was impossible for Champlain to cheat or lie; and so he founded Quebec on the foundations of peace with the Indians of Lower Canada, and the haughty Hurons of Ontario. And then he died on the Feast of Peace, December 25, 1635.

The old-fashioned English Christmas came to Canada with the 20,000 United Empire Loyalists who founded New Brunswick; and the 25,000 who first peopled Upper Canada, our Ontario. It was at Christmas, 1783, that the first Yule Logs were cut in the Ontario forests, and dragged to the settlements by shouting men and boys, for no beast must ever be yoked to the log which was "Christmas!"

This was before stoves were used in Ontario, and though those wide open hearths must have left the houses chilly in zero weather, yet, when the stove came in the Yule Log had to go, and it is only when looking back to those first pioneer Christmases, that we can see the pretty picture of the family and guests standing round the hearth on Christmas Eve, while the master of the house solemnly lit the great log, and by (Continued on page 23)



"GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."





Gramstorff Bros., Inc.

Painting by Plockhorst

"The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up" —Matthew 4:16.



CHISTMAS Day is recognized as the birthday of the King of kings and Lord of lords. The mind staggers when it attempts to measure the supreme greatness of all this. It isn't the birthday of an earthly monarch, or the natal day of a saint, but the incarnation of our Creator and Saviour and God! This is the stupendous event that all Christendom pretends to celebrate as Christmas Day.

Why do I say "pretends to celebrate"? Because, for many, the birth of the Holy Child has lost most of its sacred significance. It has become largely an occasion for high-pressure merchandising and the spending of billions of dollars for all sorts of things to be used in the "exchange of gifts" between relatives

counterpart of that divine love which was manifested in God's gift in His Son, can become a pretty shabby and empty practice.

I HAVE lived among the very poor, and I have seen many an inexpensive gift, prompted by love and compassion, shine brighter by far than one which, though it cost hundreds of times more, was given in the spirit of cold barter. I was born into a very poor family. But poor as Mother Milans was—with no more worldly goods than a little

The business of giving gifts, unless it is prompted by the human counterpart of Divine Love which was manifested in God's Son, can become a pretty
:: shabby and empty practice ::

and friends, more or less intimate. We give some presents because we expect that others may give to us. Those gifts which come from and are made to relatives are expected; the others, we are often forced to confess, are something of a nuisance.

The business of giving gifts, unless it is prompted by the human

garden patch and a small flock of chickens—she invariably sent down the street to the Campbells, "who had sickness in the family, besides burying the father," a basket containing apples and nuts, turnips and potatoes, a jar of preserves, a glass of jelly and an enormous loaf of wonderful home-made bread, and,

best of all, some fresh eggs and one of our chickens.

That basket of food, a portion of which God had given to Mother Milans and her brood of six, themselves poor, was shared gladly, in the spirit of the Christ and His Christmas, with a family even poorer than ours, one that had suffered deeper misfortune.

We were all happy those Christmases—happy with little or happy with nothing, happy because we realized that Jesus had been born on Christmas Day.

Later in my life, while in business in New York City, I aided several large firms in the preparation of great and expensive "Christmas advertising campaigns." Now, as then, millions are expended for all sorts of well-worded and attractively-designed advertisements aimed to induce people to "Buy Presents for Everybody." But in them all there seldom occurs a hint that Jesus, the Lord of heaven and earth, was born in Bethlehem, and that Christmas is His natal day. Stores are kept open day and night; tired clerks are worked overtime; millions of people spend until their money is all gone and the enormous stocks of wares are depleted.

And when it's all over, the story of the "Christmas trade" is told in figures of many digits. If it is up to the average in increase, it is voted a

By Henry F. Milans

"record holiday season," for several hundred millions will have been spent on jewelry, more than a hundred millions on rouge and lipstick, twice as much on furs, female finery, haberdashery and the like, with other hundreds of millions for cigars, cigarettes and smoking accessories. And by far the largest item on the bill will probably be the unbelievable millions spent for liquors in house parties, night clubs, public

MIRACLE OF DIVINE GRACE

The writer of the accompanying article was formerly editor of a prominent New York daily newspaper, but fell from that position of high responsibility and influence through strong drink. He was later remarkably converted during a Salvation Army "Boozers' Campaign," and for many years has "redeemed the time" by writing for The Army's periodicals.

drunkenness and other coarse amusements. Every hotel, club, dance hall, roadhouse and tavern in the land will be a bedlam of ribaldry until long after daylight on January 2nd, when the "celebration" of Christ's birthday will be over for another year.

IN view of all this, how should we answer the child's query: "Mama, is Santa Claus a Christian?" And were those two little girls far wrong who, in their prayer one Christmas night, unconsciously said: "And, dear God, forgive us our Christmases"?

Outward Change Only

I once knew a very rich family who had been miserably poor in their early life. The parents were

A KINDER CREED

LET me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me;
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery.
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.
Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

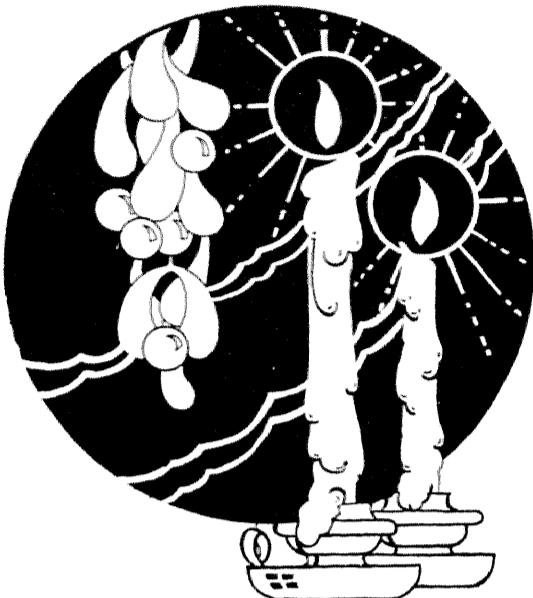
young emigrants. Later, the father became very wealthy through politics and the building industry. Now

rich, they were the same people who once had lived on Oak Street in the New York slum district. But the change in them was solely in their outward appearance. Only the expensive adornments and display would do.

AT that time my newspaper was raising money to feed poor people on Christmas Day. It was one of Joseph Pulitzer's annual charities. Among others to whom I appealed on Mr. Pulitzer's behalf was the mother of this family. But she received me coldly in her fine uptown mansion, and with lofty stiffness cried: "Let the poor help the poor. That's what we had to do before we got rich!" Not to be denied, I went to the office of the father and laid the matter before him. I found him somewhat more sympathetic. Looking out over the North River where he once landed as a poor emigrant, he said with a far-away look in his eyes: "I remember one Christmas, down on Oak Street, when we didn't have a thing to eat but some boiled potatoes and cabbage a neighbor sent in. The poor shared with the poor in those days; and I guess most of them have to do so still. God has been good to us," he added. Then aging John R., after thanking me for coming to see him, handed me a check for \$1,000, the largest single donation my paper received for this cause from any one in the great metropolis.

It was the memory of that dish of boiled potatoes and cabbage that prompted the giving of it. And yet the same memory which softened the man's soul only hardened the woman's heart. Just how does a recollection of God's dealings with us. His goodness and graciousness, touch our souls this Christmas Day? Is our emphasis, yours and mine, on Christ or on self? In short, Is Santa Claus a Christian?

THE Jesus of the Bethlehem manger fed the hungry wherever He found them. If His teachings and spirit were injected into the celebration of His birthday they would alter

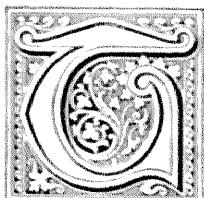


its whole character, and some of the millions that now go into the selfish and wasteful and sinful customs of our time would add to the enrichment of the brotherhood of love.

The mother of our Lord was refused a room at the inn. But we can, if we will, restore to Jesus His rightful place in the celebration of Christmas Day—His birthday.



Home for Christmas!



THE confusion of voices ended as suddenly as light vanishes when the electric current is disconnected. Instantly the silence was dictated by an atmosphere of painful intensity that increased in tautness as the chromium studio clock measured out the final seconds of grace for the all-important green light, which, like a glittering emerald, crowned the glass partition at one extremity of the broadcasting company's main auditorium.

When the second hand of the implacable clock pointed due ceiling-wards, the green light flickered and died. Simultaneously, two ruby-red orbs sprang alight, menacing, like fiery cannon-balls, the silent company marshalled in front of an array of microphones. From this apparatus heavily-insulated wires snarled their way across the deep-carpeted floor to a control room, in which, as could be observed through

CANADA CALLING

Far Across the Seas, a War-Guest's Mother Heard from Her Boy the Gladdest Kind of Christmas Message

a glass panel, a group of technicians were working with competent alacrity.

The red lights, belonging to that international code of signals which every one knows, flashed two stern words: Danger! . . . Stop! Ron, whose heart was thumping against his ribs like a mad thing, had no need of this illuminated instruction to "Stop!" He, with some others, had stopped his excited chatter when the second hand of the clock had completed only three-quarters of its last minute's lap.

The other light, indicating Danger, was ridiculously unnecessary. Ron felt within himself that it was dangerous to talk — for many reasons. One might begin to cry, and that would be contrary to what the spectators crowded about him would expect of a fourteen-year-old British war-guest enjoying the freedom and plenty of an hospitable Canada.

Danger! Of course. It was dangerous even to breathe. At any moment,

those craning mechanics who specialized in the mysteries of two-way trans-Atlantic conversations, might pluck certain pre-arranged signals out of the ethereal wilderness of space, and then the voices of Ron's mother and father might fill the room with greetings and love, and choking memories. The lights said, "Don't move. Don't breathe, it's dangerous. You may miss a word, a sentence, all . . ."

An aeon of expectancy had squeezed itself into this one sparse second. In horometrical calculation it was a second only, but in importance to Ron it was not a "second" but a "first." In moments of that description a thousand scenes can fill the mind. Volatile but acute, they cause the subject to relive vividly the experiences that memory chooses to fling on to the screen of consciousness.

Ron trembled, and his lower lip quivered nervously. He was reliving that night of nightmares: the thunderous explosion, the concussion that shook the Anderson shelter so violently; the only home he had known a flaming pyre of family memories. Then that frightening good-bye ere the train, with its dimmed lights, eased out of Euston Station into the ebony of an English midnight. At port, the secretive boarding of the grey-and-brown splashed vessel. Thereafter, for two weeks, an agony of fear and seasickness as the boat zig-zagged across a lonely ocean path. And, at long last, golden, peaceful Canada, and the comforting friendship of a sympathetic uncle and aunt.

Ron glanced at his aunt just as an announcer held up a warning hand. In an imperceptible fraction of time Ron recalled his forlorn arrival at the Union Station; the hearty handclasp of his tall and cheerful uncle, and the affectionate hug and kiss of his welcoming aunt. He remembered being shown into "his" room at the Downham house, by his aunt, whom all the neighbors unanimously gazetted as "a good woman."

Nostalgic and Wretched

He recalled the night, some weeks after his arrival, and only two weeks ago, when his aunt had discovered him flung across his bed, tearful, nostalgic, and wretched. And how she had told him about One who had promised to be "a Father to the fatherless." He recollects how the throbbing ache of his heart

The War Cry



A war-guest in Canada smiles during a two-way trans-Atlantic broadcast on Christmas day, as he hears the voices of his parents, and visualizes them — with the family dog — in the English studios

Light and Shade in India

(Continued from page 9)

meeting at nine a.m. Four members of the staff each spoke a few moments, an Officer medical-doctor told of the Heavenly Child who came to be the world's Saviour. Later, two women knelt at the Mercy-Seat.

Then the Colony Superintendent, a devoted woman Brigadier, and the Captain, held a short service in the general hospital and gave to each patient an orange and candies. At mid-day they ate the rice and curry of the patients' feast; the doctor distributed leaves (used for plates) and plantains, and the Brigadier spoke and offered prayer.

In the early afternoon the two Officers hastened back to their little bungalow to prepare for a simple tea, featuring a Christmas tree, for members of the staff. It was a happy time although no presents were exchanged—they had determined that money usually spent on gifts would be sent to British air-raid victims. Their hearts glowed with the pleasure of giving to those who had lost much.

Lights from bobbing lanterns and the sound of youthful voices shortened reminiscent tales of the homeland. Children from a nearby Corps had come to sing and feast. The compound looked like fairy land with its colored lamps, paper flags, shadows and light on smiling, dusky faces. Such joyousness was infectious, and soon the patients were singing and marching about in great hilarity. It was the end of a glorious day.

* * *

NEXT morning saw busy preparations for "Recreation Day." For long the patients had practised, and now the Parable of the Talents was presented with no small degree of skill. Prettily-decorated hoops framed childish faces while drills and action songs delighted the onlookers. No one gazing at the happy scene would dream that these people were condemned to a living death; that those who sat did so because their feet were missing or legs shrivelled; those whose arms



A maiden of India proudly displays her needlework, done in an Army school

were thrust into loose garments hid eaten flesh and stumps of limbs.

Captain Anna Williams (from whose letter much of the foregoing has been taken) concludes by saying: "The following day, two Officers came over from the Adoor Leper Hospital and we had our English Christmas dinner, with variations, but nevertheless a very satisfying and happy meal. Some of the usual ingredients in the cakes had to be left out or substituted, but they tasted first rate! The Superintendent and I voted it as one of the happiest Christmas seasons we had ever spent."—L.D.

had disappeared miraculously when he had knelt with his aunt to claim the friendship of an understanding Jesus.

"Hello, Ron, dear!" His mother's voice, tremulous with motherly solicitude, leaped into the room. It was unchanged in inflection for all its being hurled across four thousand miles of billowing sea by enormous charges of electricity. It was the same loving voice that had whispered into Ron's ear while he stood with his arms about his mother on the shadowy platform at Euston. "God go with you, my darling. He'll help you to be brave. And mother will be praying for you."

Ron slashed a tear from his face. It left a wide, wet stain. He

tried to speak but failed. Fighting an urge to weep he gulped twice, desperately. He must speak, must. He had something of utmost importance to say.

"Hello, Mum, dear," he shouted into the microphone. "Everything's O.K. . . . what's that . . . righto . . . yes, I can hear you very plainly . . . yes, all right, Mum. And listen, Mum, remember what you said at Euston? Well, I'm as happy as can be. He—you know Who I mean?—He is helping me. He's my friend now!"

It was too much for a fourteen-year-old's clamped emotions. Ron's voice wavered and broke, and his final "All my love, Mum, Dad, 'bye," was bathed in tears.

The memorable broadcast was over. Between his kindly uncle and aunt Ron stepped out of the studio into the frosty sunlight of his first Christmas Day in Canada. He was in a new country—but with a new Friend.

With sparkling eyes and fast-beating heart this youthful war-guest speaks to his folks in Britain
[C.B.C. Photo]



... Days To Christmas

(Continued from page 14)

clothes: but these all must be made over to fit and the second-hand toys repaired, and I wondered if Mrs. Barnes and you could possibly help me out?"

"Well, I knew you'd say yes. So I just brought along all the stuff she had, and I got some wee tins of paint and brushes, and a set of patterns for doll's clothes from the 'Five and Ten' store, and it looks as if you and I are going to be plumb busy between now and Christmas, Jessie, lass."

* * *

"Twas a few days later. Once again the kitchen in the frame house glowed with comfort and cheer; once more the lamp shone on the table, but instead of food, there were piles of clothing, dresses and trousers, sweaters and underthings; and at one side a lovely doll, completely dressed, and a little trunk packed full of "extras" beside her; while on the floor stood a sprightly rocking-horse, and close by a wagon, all resplendent in new paint, held blocks, a top and gay-hued balls.

A sudden sharp bark from Laddie, and Bob opened the door to usher in a neighbor's boy. "Please, Mr. Barnes, The Army Captain wants you on the 'phone." And hurriedly, man and boy departed.

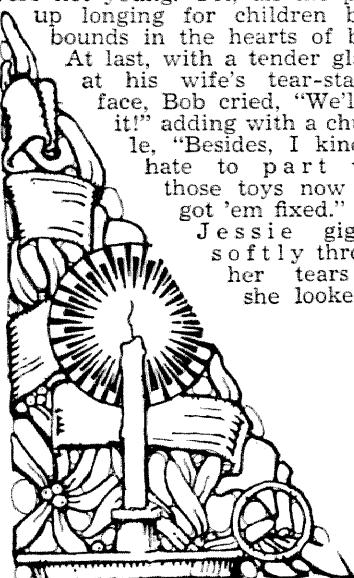
* * *

Far into the night Bob and Jessie sat beside the laden table, talking and thinking; for Bob had brought back the news that the young mother had suddenly passed away, and the children were alone in the world and would be sent to an institution, unless—!

Dare they attempt it? Food there was aplenty, and milk could be got cheaply from farmer neighbors; but a market-gardener is not apt to be wealthy and Bob and Jessie Barnes were not young. Yet, all the pent-

up longing for children burst bounds in the hearts of both. At last, with a tender glance at his wife's tear-stained face, Bob cried, "We'll do it!" adding with a chuckle, "Besides, I kind of hate to part with those toys now I've got 'em fixed." And

Jessie giggled softly through her tears as she looked at



the doll. Then they knelt to ask their Father's blessing.

* * *

Two more days to Christmas! In his cosy hotel-room, in the big city, Malcolm Stannard frowned over his morning paper that had brought the date to his notice. He had felt strangely restless and discontented of late. A business deal had kept him in the city when he would have been on his way to the warm Southland. Yet the thought of sunbathed sands and azure waters did not satisfy either. Instead, he longed for a snowy countryside, calm, peaceful, and a bit old-fashioned.

Suddenly he flung the paper aside, and with a muttered "I'll do it; I'll do just that," he strode from the room.

* * *

It was late afternoon on Christmas Eve. Jessie Barnes was putting the finishing touches to the supper-table that was now set for five! with a borrowed high-chair beside her husband's place.

On the floor a beautiful small boy sat blissfully hugging a fat grey cat. A joyous bark—and picking up the lovely child, she turned to greet the two rosy-cheeked little ones who were wide-eyed with excitement and delight.

Said the boy, "O-oh! Auntie, we got parcels 'n parcels, 'n fings for the tree, 'n we saw Santy, too, we did!"

"And Uncle Bob bought you a bea-u-tiful present, only we must not tell," said the girl, adding, "There's a gentleman, too. We pick-ed him up, because his car wouldn't go."

* * *

Late that night, Malcolm Stannard stretched luxuriously in a cosy bed, between flannelette sheets that were redolent of frost and sunshine and God's fresh air. It had been a hectic evening. Three excited small children, a fat cat and a dog, all under foot at once; a huge tree to decorate; and when sleep had claimed the little ones, a host of presents to wrap or bring from hiding places. Then a cup of cocoa, sipped with one hand fondling the head of the lovely collie; a sense of wonderment as he listened to prayers "straight from the heart"; a sincere "good-night"—and here he lay, the "ventilator," letting in a breath of clear, sweet air, mingling with the warmth from the big heater in the "front room," off which his door opened.

"Something strange though," he murmured, "but my! I'm sleep-y!" —and all was still.

* * *

Bob and Jessie Barnes, and the little Captain were sitting round the big heater. "Seems we simply had to come in here for such a special occasion," said Bob. The Captain was reading a letter that had come that day:

Truelove's Strange Christmas Guest

(Continued from page 11)

he possessed in the Quarters and told him dinner would be ready in a few minutes. Truelove then slipped on a white apron, busied himself around the kitchen range and finally served up a piping-hot repast.

Old Jake needed not a second invitation to take a chair at the table, although the sight of a clean white table-cloth seemed to unnerve him somewhat. Truelove said grace and the oddly assorted couple proceeded to make short work of the appetizing meal. Which of the two enjoyed it the most would be hard to say, Jake who devoured the food with no half-hearted energy, or the Captain from watching his guest eat.

When they had eaten to repletion Truelove turned to Jake and said, "I never retire from the table without giving thanks to God. Perhaps you would like to join me." He suited the action to the word by getting down on his knees.

Jake regarded this strange procedure in silence. The Captain noticed that out of the corner of one of his guest's eyes a tear was starting to trickle. His heart, hardened by the excesses of many years, had been touched by the kindness shown him. Truelove intuitively saw in a flash that this outcast was won. God had answered his prayer.

It was a picture to behold. The lad, with his finely chiselled face, uplifted in earnest prayer, while beside him, sobbing as though his heart would break, crouched old Jake, the drunkard, for whom none cared. The song of the angels was repeated that Christmas Day because a new born soul had entered the Kingdom of Heaven.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Barnes:

This, as you will see, finds me back home after the most wonderful Christmas of my life! It finds me too, with new thoughts and aspirations; with strong desires to know for myself, the God who is so real to you.

Such a holiday as you made possible for me, could not be adequately paid for in cash, but the enclosed cheque I would ask you to accept, in trust for the children (yes, I made enquiries) that should accident or illness at some future time raise difficulties, you may rest secure in the knowledge that you can still "carry on." You will not deny me this?

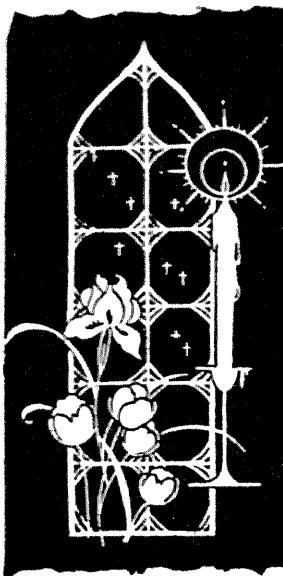
Give the little ones a hug for me, and yes, give Laddie an extra pat. God bless and reward you both. I'm sure 'twas He who put into my mind that plan to "go till I ran out of gas," and see what happened!

Yours in sincere gratitude,
Malcolm Stannard.

Said Jessie, softly, "Do you know, Captain, Bob was reading a verse in Psalm 113, that might just be for us!"

Said the Captain, "Yes, I know that verse, but I think I know an even better one—and it begins with 'Inasmuch!'"

The War Cry



the light of the flames read aloud the sweet old story of the Christ Child.

It was the custom then to have the religious service on Christmas Eve, and feasting and games on Christmas Day. In addition to the old English games, corn-popping was a recognized Christmas amusement in those pioneer days.

Then on December 25, 1790, was the first wedding in Upper Canada, when the only minister in Upper Canada who could perform a legal marriage, rode from Kingston to what is now Maitland, on horseback, to marry the couple waiting him in the house all decked with spruce boughs and dried bunches of red rowanberries (for holly normally does not grow in Ontario, and is was not imported then), and lit by the dancing flames of the Yule Log.

Venison the Chief Dish

We must not forget those old time Christmas dinners: venison was the chief dish, with salmon and white-fish, for a first course, and partridges and wild turkey to follow the deer meat. There was bread, of course, and abundance of butter; but pumpkins and onions seem to have been the main vegetables. For dessert there was a quantity of pies, of dried and preserved berries; and cakes of maple sugar.

The next Christmas date noted in Canada's history is also a pleasant homely one. A fortnightly mail was established between Canada and the United States, December 20, 1792. So that year the first Christmas mail was exchanged across the border. Before that, letters were carried by private messengers. Those old Christmas mail-bags would be interesting if we could see them now; there were no Christmas postcards, but many thick letters; for those were letter writing days, when people covered many sheets with beautifully fine writing, as clear as type. Then there would be some copies of

Christmas In Canadian History

(Continued from page 15)

the one and only newspaper in Ontario, The "Upper Canada Gazette," a sheet fifteen by nine-and-a-half inches; it appeared weekly, and its price was three dollars a year. But its Christmas editorials and advertisements had the same spirit if not the same wording as ours.

Our next date is December 24, 1814. The war of 1812 has blasted Upper Canada with fire. Settlement after settlement has been destroyed by the invading Americans; and five Ontario towns have been wantonly burnt. Everywhere are black ashes; and the graves of brave men who have died in battle with the invaders, or have fallen victims to "swamp fever" (malaria) caused by having to live and fight in the bush, with no food but game meat, and often being forced to eat that raw, as a fire would have betrayed their presence to the enemy, who so greatly outnumbered our men.

Still the Canadians fought on, till England, having disposed of Napoleon, was able to come to the aid of her brave colony; and after she had burnt Washington, the United States began to think of peace. So in December, 1814, the British and American commissioners met at Ghent, in Belgium, to arrange the terms of peace.

Unbroken Peace

The bells in all the quaint old churches were ringing in the twilight, ringing joy peals, for it was Christmas Eve, the beginning of the festival of the Prince of Peace, when peace was signed between England and Canada and the United States!

1814 and 1941! One hundred and twenty-seven times the Christmas bells have rung out for peace since then, and the peace between Canada and the United States has never been broken, and proudly and thankfully we can say:

"Four thousand miles of boundary line
With never a fort or gun to guard."

Another important Christmas in Canadian history is December 24, 1866. Three weeks before, sixteen men had met in Westminster Hall, London, England, to frame the British North America Act, forming the Colonies—of Upper and Lower Canada, and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which as colonies were partially ruled from England—into one Canada, a self-governing Dominion!

And all the sixteen men were Canadians, for England had so ordered that only Canadian men should make the Act that was to make Canada!

Upper and Lower Canada had sent John A. Macdonald (Father of Confederation) with Messrs. Galt, Cartier, Howland, McDougall and Langevin; from Nova Scotia came

Messrs. Tupper, Archibald, McCully and Henry; while New Brunswick sent Messrs. Tilley, Fisher, Mitchell, Johnson, Wilmot and Ritchie.

And on that Christmas Eve the Commission had finished their work, the Bill was ready to be presented for passing to the British Parliament, and then it would receive Queen Victoria's signature, and become law, on July 1, 1867!

Chosen From the Scriptures

The last thing done on that Christmas Eve was to choose a title for the newborn Canada; and Tilley, of New Brunswick, read aloud from the Scriptures: "He shall have dominion—this Dominion—from sea to sea."

From the hundred spires of grand Old London rang out the Christmas bells; they were the christening chimes of CANADA THE DOMINION! marked in her birth hour with the sign of Christ and of Peace.—E.A.T.

What Does It Mean To You?

IS Christmas just a time of mirth?
Why did Jesus come to earth?
What is the meaning of His Birth?
What does Christmas mean to you?

The shepherds brought their gifts,
we're told.
Of myrrh, frankincense and of gold.
What moved those holy men of old?
What does Christmas mean to you?

Christmas to some is just a name.
They forget, alas, the Christ who came
To save them from their sin and shame.
What does Christmas mean to you?
Ottawa.

T. Balmer.



STAR LIGHT . . . STAR BRIGHT

Let Us Have a Family Night

Christmas for most of us holds happy memories of jolly times when all the family joined in the rollicking, merry-making. This year is a good time to add another chapter to that book of memories, and a plan for a happy get-together is given here.

DECORATIONS:

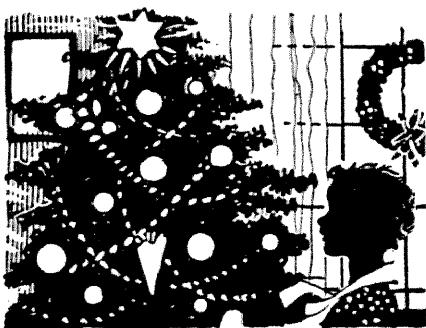
BECAUSE we are "starring" the family, stars could very well be the theme for the decorations. Packages of varying sizes and colors are reasonably priced, so it is economical enough to use them freely. Large ones may be drawn and cut out of red, green, or silver paper.

The dinner table might have a large one in the centre with beams of stars of diminishing size radiating from it. Stick some on silver string and use them to hang from the light fixtures. Or, the seals may be pasted right on to glass shades with a very pretty effect. Stick them also on large bowls, or on the tall candles.

GAMES TO PLAY:

TO get everyone moving about and in the right mood, "Trading Stars," is a good game. Each one is provided with a small red paper star, with the exception of one, who is given a gold star. Of course no one knows who has the gold star. The stars are held in the closed hand, and the other hand is also closed as a blind. Everyone walks about with hands extended expressing greetings to the others. As this is done one of the two greeting each other taps one of the extended hands of the other person. If the touched hand happens to have a star in it, the owner must trade with the player who has greeted him. At the end of three minutes the leader blows a whistle and the player holding the gold star is given a special prize.

How many peas are in a pint? One.

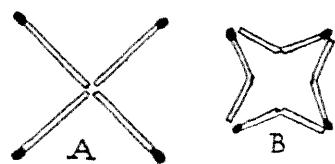


The Christmas Tree

O
the
Christ-
mas tree,
so bright,
and green,
awaits Old
Santa Claus.
And the Chim-
ney place all swept
and clean gapes wide
its ponderous jaws.
The little stockings are
all hung up, and baby's
just makes four. And
won't Old Santa be sur-
prised when he finds there
is one more. There's an
elegant place up in the tree
to hang a big bon-bon, and a
place for May and one for Kate
to leave their dolls upon. But
for little baby blue eyes a lower
branch he'll choose, where she may
reach and find the place he's hung
her first new shoes. Turn down
the light a little now; Old Santa
Claus can see. And baby and
all must go to bed, as good
as good can be. To-morrow
morning when we wake,
after a long night's sleep,
and
come
to the
jolly
Xmas
tree,
we'll
see
who gets first peep.

A CROSS AND A STAR:

ARRANGE four matches in the form of a "cross" (as in fig. A), and ask a friend if he can make it into a four-pointed star. If he fails, bend



each match back until it snaps, taking care that you do not entirely sever the stick. You can then arrange them as in fig. B.

A RIDDLE OR TWO:

Why are teeth like verbs?
Because they are regular, irregular and often defective.

Why is it wrong to whisper in company?
Because it is not allowed (a-loud).

FUN FOR THE HOME CIRCLE

Arranged by E. L. J.

ANOTHER GAME:

A VARIATION of the old favorite of Musical Chairs may be carried out by having large stars posted around the room. All march in a circle while the music is playing and when it stops, each one must touch a star. Each time a star is taken down.

ANOTHER CATCH:

FOR the second trick, you ask your friends if they believe that you can show them something that no one has ever seen before and will never see again.

Then you take a nut, crack it, and show them the kernel, saying, "I think you will agree that you have never seen this before."

Of course they have to agree to this, and you put the nut into your mouth and eat it. Then you say, "I think you will also agree that you will never see it again."

AN ANAGRAM STORY:

FILL in the blanks in the following story with words made from the letters in "meadow." No word is used twice.

Come with—and—will—in the brook down by the—where the grass has been—. It—the farmer—for us to cross it before. I felt—when he made so much—. We—him for the hay in our—, too. Hear my cat! She drinks—. you think she ought? I saw a—drink at the brook and a—fly over it. An old—told me we could see the—of the capital from there.

ANSWERS: me, we, wade, dam, mowed, made, mad, awed, ado, owed, mow, mew, dew, do, doe, daw, dame, dome.



BY HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE, F.R.G.S.

The

FORERUNNER OF THE MESSIAH

A GLIMPSE OF THE PLACE WHERE JOHN THE BAPTIST WAS BORN

"And Mary arose in those days and went into the hill country with haste into a city of Judah; and entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elizabeth.—Luke 1:39, 40.

HERE are few more interesting figures in the New Testament than that of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness. We know that he was born when his parents were old, that they were of priestly descent and that his mother



The Church of the Visitation at Ain Karem, the birthplace of John the Baptist. The church marks the site of the traditional home of Zacharias and Elizabeth

ments, living on rough food, boldly declaring his message and denouncing evil.

His birthplace was undoubtedly Ain Karem, a picturesque little village in the hill country of Judea only some four and a half miles from Jerusalem. It has been my privilege to visit it many times.

En route one passes through some attractive Jewish colonies. On the outskirts of the city there is Beth Hakerem, with its tree-lined avenues and flourishing hamlets on what was open country prior to the last war.

Ain Karem is a picturesque little village of white, flat-roofed dwellings and terraces and gardens clinging to the sides of a steep hill. Its population is just under 2,000, including about a hundred Russian nuns. These noble women, who toil among the poor of the village and

district, have had a rough time since the last war. They were partially dependent upon support from their church in Russia, but since the confiscation of all church property, they have known what it is to suffer want. Their little cluster of white houses and trim gardens in close proximity to the Russian church are a picture in their almost immaculate cleanliness.

Ain Karem is doubtless the Karen of the Septuagint (Josh. 15:60); it is also probably Beth-haccerem, mentioned in Jeremiah (Jer. 6:1). From the very early centuries it has been accepted as the home of Zacharias and Elizabeth, the parents of John the Baptist, and as the Forerunner's birthplace.

At Ain Karem one looks down over the village with its churches and convents nestling amid tall cypress trees. Here in the open we would take tea, followed by a visit to the nearby Russian Church as well as to the monastery marking the traditional home of Zacharias and the birthplace of John the Baptist; to the old well to watch the village women and girls filling their water-cans and then off to see a neighbor's vineyard or orchard. We were often entertained by the sheikh or headman of the village, who could discourse learnedly on the cultivation of the olive and the fig, the proper way of raising this crop or that, but always to the detriment of the methods of the modern Jewish farmer.

(Continued on page 28)



[Painting by Murillo
The Boy John the Baptist]

was a kinswoman of the Virgin Mary. But what we like is to picture John dressed in camel gar-



[American Colony photos.
A view of the hill country of Judea

Page Twenty-five

CAPTAIN X FIREMAN

Salvationists Who Have Taken On Unusual Tasks in the Course of Their Daily Round of Duties

OME years ago there appeared in the columns of The War Cry an account in which a Social Officer acted the part of postman by travelling hundreds of miles in order to deliver personally a letter addressed to a man whose whereabouts was unknown by the sender, a person in far-off Sweden. The letter was successfully delivered.

This calls to mind the fact that Salvationists are sometimes called to perform strange duties, the performance of which often entails no little tact, courage and wisdom. Not so many years ago an Officer of this Territory was stationed at a small town when he was called upon in a startling manner to act as policeman.

He was preparing for his night's meeting when suddenly a violent knocking at the Quarter's door aroused him from his studies. He responded at once and found several of the townspeople grouped before the porch talking in an excited manner, "Oh, Officer, come at once," said one of them, "There is a man on the next street about to kill his wife. Do go and stop him." Slipping on his tunic and cap, but not without some trepidation, the Officer went.

Prayer Was Answered

Arriving at the house pointed out by a group of horrified bystanders, the Officer at once knocked, hurriedly opened the door and entered into the room. There he found the husband with raised fist bending over the shrinking form of his wife and uttering the most dreadful curses. The Officer at once got between the two, praying to God at

the same time for help. Miraculously, it seemed the man's hand dropped helplessly whilst the Officer reasoned with

him. Eventually peace was made, prayer was offered and no more trouble ensued.

FIRE! Fire! the awe inspiring cry rang out. The Captain rubbed his sleep-laden eyes urgently and looked out of the window. Startled beyond measure he aroused the Lieutenant. "The whole village," he cried, "seems to be burning down." Slipping on their clothes quickly the two raced down the main street to where a few men were attempting to drag out the antiquated hose reel. The Officers speedily lent a hand.

All through the night they toiled with the volunteer firemen until the fire was under control, but not before a whole block of buildings was destroyed. Goods were saved and families aided; it was a stirring time. But when with blackened faces and aching limbs the two lads sought a few hours rest, they thanked God that their experience as firemen had not been in vain.

There are very few Officers who have not been engaged in experiences not unlike the foregoing, and have been of practical service to the fire department. One Canadian Officer some years ago was, because of some valuable services rendered, appointed honorary chaplain to the local fire brigade.

MANY Army Officers risk their lives in nursing the sick. One Canadian Officer paid the supreme sacrifice in nursing during an epidemic and her remains now lie in what is likely the highest cemetery in Western Canada — Rossland, British Columbia. This Officer was a heroine of peace. The Army's Officer-nurses cannot be praised too highly for their devoted services performed hourly. It is certainly not too much to say that through their efforts hundreds of lives have been saved.

Corps Officers are often called upon to help the sick and render first-aid to the injured. On one occasion a police-patrol officer fell from his motor-cycle and broke his leg. The doctor was perfectly satisfied with the performance of The Salvation Army Officers who happened to be in the vicinity of the accident, and who put the injured limb in splints.

FREQUENTLY it happens that decorating and renovating Army property becomes a part of an Officer's experience. The writer recalls



where two lad Officers donned overalls and painted their Hall when funds were low. They evidently performed their task well, for a number of invitations to paint the houses of residents close by were received, but declined with thanks. Not long ago an Officer driving over a country road, came across an autoist in dire distress. He was miles from anywhere and could not persuade his car to budge one inch. The Officer, while not a mechanic, had more than a driving knowledge of cars, peeped into the internals of the refractory car. With a few deft touches—whizz—whizz! and the engine started.

Cases might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but in all these things it is certain that the Salvationist triumphs, where many others fail, perhaps because of his ability and readiness to become "all thing to all men in order to save some."

"MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THY SALVATION"

(Continued from page 3)
after wars, famines and pestilences, the sun of prosperity shines anew.

WERE it not for the fact that so many followers of Christ can to-day take up the echo of the words of Simeon and say, "Mine eyes have seen Thy Salvation," they might easily be tempted to give way to despair. But faith and hope will lift us out of the present world of sorrows and disappointments, and in the final analysis the things that are right, noble, lovely, pure and good must triumph over the things that are debasing, disappointing, depressing and devilish.

We have seen His Salvation in the lives of the drunkard and the evil person; in the restoration of peace in the home and progress in the family; we have seen His Salvation in the Western and Eastern lands. HAIL, KING JESUS!

The War Cry

IN THE FOREST'S DEPTHES

INTO the great forest regions of Canada and Newfoundland, at periodical times, troop armies of lumberjacks, for this important industry is vital to the life of these and other countries. All summer and fall axes merrily ring, and all winter long the sleigh-bells jingle and the tractors snort as the wood is hauled to the river banks.

So far as Canada is concerned the forest lands of this vast Dominion extend in a belt 600 to 1,300 miles wide. The statistics involved are interesting, instructive and impressive.

There are more than 160 recognized species of trees, of which 23 conifers, or soft-woods, and 32 broad-leaved species of hardwoods are of considerable commercial value. The softwoods, in great demand for construction and the manufacture of pulp and paper, comprise 80 per cent. of the total stand and about the same proportion of the annual cut. The forests still occupy more than a third of the total land of the Dominion.

Of the 783,000,000 acres of forest land 492,000,000 acres are capable of producing timber of commercial value. Two years ago more than a third of all the manufacturing plants in Canada were dependent primarily on the forests for their raw materials. These industries employ an enormous number of workers.

From Log to Slide Fastener

Twenty-five years ago a log was destined for the manufacture either of lumber or paper, but a log which this spring went bobbing and spinning down the rapids may turn up as a slide fastener, while another may eventually be used as a rayon scarf.

No longer is the wood alone important. Modern chemical research and development puts the emphasis

on cellulose. Fifty per cent. of spruce wood is cellulose, and from cellulose it is estimated that 10,000 articles in everyday use are now being made.

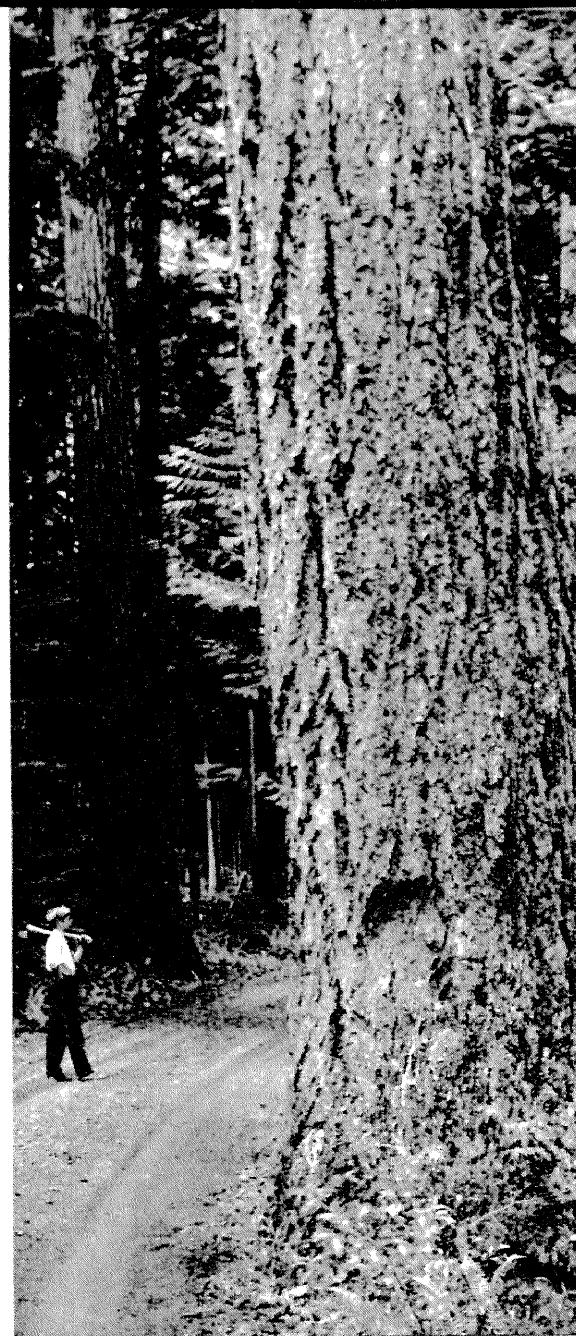
Some Informative Particulars Regarding a Vast and Varied Industry

Originally cotton linters, the short fibers left on the cotton after ginning has removed the long fibers, was the principal material for the manufacture of viscose products, the chief of which are cellophane and rayon. Then the increasing demand for these two products stimulated the chemists to consider other sources of cellulose. Soon bleached sulphite pulp, derived from the wood of the tall spruce, began to replace cotton linters for this purpose.

New Conception of Hygiene

Already great industries have arisen as the result of these discoveries. Rayon mills hum merrily in Ontario, New Brunswick and Quebec, turning out silky products within the reach of everyone and, as recently as 1932, a new outlet was provided for wood pulp when the manufacture of cellophane was first commenced in Canada at Shawinigan Falls, Quebec. Since then the transparent film has brought a new conception of hygiene into many different fields. Thousands have found employment in these industries which use for the most part nothing but Canadian raw materials.

Science is always making new discoveries, and lumber may be turned to yet stranger uses than at present. When the river dams are opened a few years from now and the first log-rafts come charging down the creeks, they may bring



with them a potential supply of cellulose for the myriads of things which the industrial chemist has yet to give the world.

It may not be out of place to conclude this brief article by adding that each year Salvationists visit the men in distant lumber camps, bringing to them a message of cheer in music and song and also distribute quantities of helpful literature, including *The War Cry*.

FESTIVE WREATHS

THE holly wreath is said to symbolize the crown of thorns and the red berries are like drops of blood. Mistletoe comes down to us straight from the Druids of ancient Britain who celebrated a great feast at the time of the winter solstice. Boughs of it were hung in the halls where their feasts were held.

Stout backs and heavy packs



SELF-GIVING VICTORIOUS

(Continued from page 5)

His creatures "made in His own image." But the Spoiler inverted the truth, turning good into evil with tragic results. The Evil One has never ceased his warfare. He ever seeks whom he may despoil.

Yet back there at the first downward turn in man's long story, when he took a downward turn so complete in its results that it is known as "The Fall," we find the promise that one day a true principle would emerge and conquer.

God who had given life would also give a Redeemer; He would reconquer by the same law of His being;

"THINK ON THESE THINGS"

HAVE you ever thought how highly desirable it is that you should make some provision for helping, after your death, those objects which have been your consideration during life?

May we not venture to request very earnestly that you remember the work of The Salvation Army? To cope with the ever-increasing demands made upon us, and to enable us to take advantage of the opportunities opening before us, we need your assistance.

By naming The Salvation Army as Beneficiary for either a sum of money, Real Estate, or Stock, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that not only during your lifetime have you assisted this great work, but by providing for its perpetuation and extension after you have gone you thereby

"Lay up Treasure in Heaven."

Any information or advice will be gladly furnished on application to Commissioner B. Orames, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, AD. 6294.

He so loved that He gave His only begotten Son, and the giving has brought glory and Eternal Life to all who have accepted it.

Giving always produces unforeseen harvests. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. Those who give, counting not the cost, set others big tasks in counting results.

None will ever know how many men and women have been lifted up to the heavens by Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" that magical interpretation in sound of the un-

speakable glory of a moonlight night. That beauty came to enrich the world because the composer wanted to give pleasure to a blind girl. She could not see the garden bathed in the silver radiance of the moon, so her friend of genius put what he could see into sounds that she could hear. And his gift has filled generations of hearts with joy that neither flood, famine, war or plague can destroy from the earth.

Would that we who take upon ourselves the name of Christ could always remember that lesson. The spirit of self-giving is the spirit of Christ. It is not merely becoming amiable or companionable, or "good sports," or dependable citizens. It is receiving vision, strength and power in response to dedication. It is having the fire—the sacred fire of the Holy Spirit—lit in the heart.

THESE words will be translated into many tongues; they will be real by people on five continents, and by that common humanity which God has given us all, they will suit every

case. They go into a world beset by so many problems that the mind staggers at the thought of them. What can we do to take the rightful part? We must first come into the presence of the Redeemer, who though He was rich, for our sakes became poor. We can only find Him, as did the Wise Men, by humbly following the Heavenly light till we come to the stable, poorest of birthplaces.

To enter into that door we must bow our heads. Our sin, pride, and worldliness must be left outside; there is no room for them. Only the poor in spirit can enter and see God Incarnate in the little Child. Once kneeling in adoration we must give and go on giving, devoting our lives to self-giving in home, place of work, Corps, Church, and public offices.

Christianity has been described far more often than it has been lived. It is our duty and our privilege to live it out; to give as God gave Christ, confident that giving will bring that victory and triumph in spirit for which we daily pray.

FORERUNNER OF THE MESSIAH

(Continued from page 25)

The chief attraction of the village is the Franciscan Monastery, or Convent, with its Church of St. John, the Grotto or Crypt, which is pointed out as the birthplace of John the Baptist. Although the sacred narrative details at length the circumstances which attended the Forerunner's birth, it is singularly silent as to the name of the place where he was born. All that it says on this point is that Zacharias and Elizabeth, his parents, lived in the hill country . . . a city of Judah." (Luke 1:39.) From as early as the Fourth Century Ain Karem has been pointed out as the place, and scholars see no reason why it should not be accepted.

It is an attractive little church that marks the supposed site, consisting of a nave and two side-aisles and a handsome dome borne on four graceful pillars. The grotto, or crypt, in the church, reached by a descent of seven steps, is dedicated

to Zacharias. Here was the home of the parents of John the Baptist. Here he was born when his father, being still dumb, called for a writing-table and wrote, "His name is John," when his tongue was loosed, and the Spirit of God fell upon him and he began to prophesy (Luke 1:18-64).

The little chapel contains several interesting bas-reliefs of events of John's life, while near the organ in the church above hangs a good copy of Murillo's beautiful painting of the Baptist. Over the high altar is a fine statue representing the Immaculate Conception. We know from the sacred narrative how the Virgin Mary visited her cousin Elizabeth in her own home and saluted her, and she gave utterance to the glorious words of The Magnificat: "My soul doth magnify the Lord . . ." (Luke 1:46-55).

THE WAR CRY

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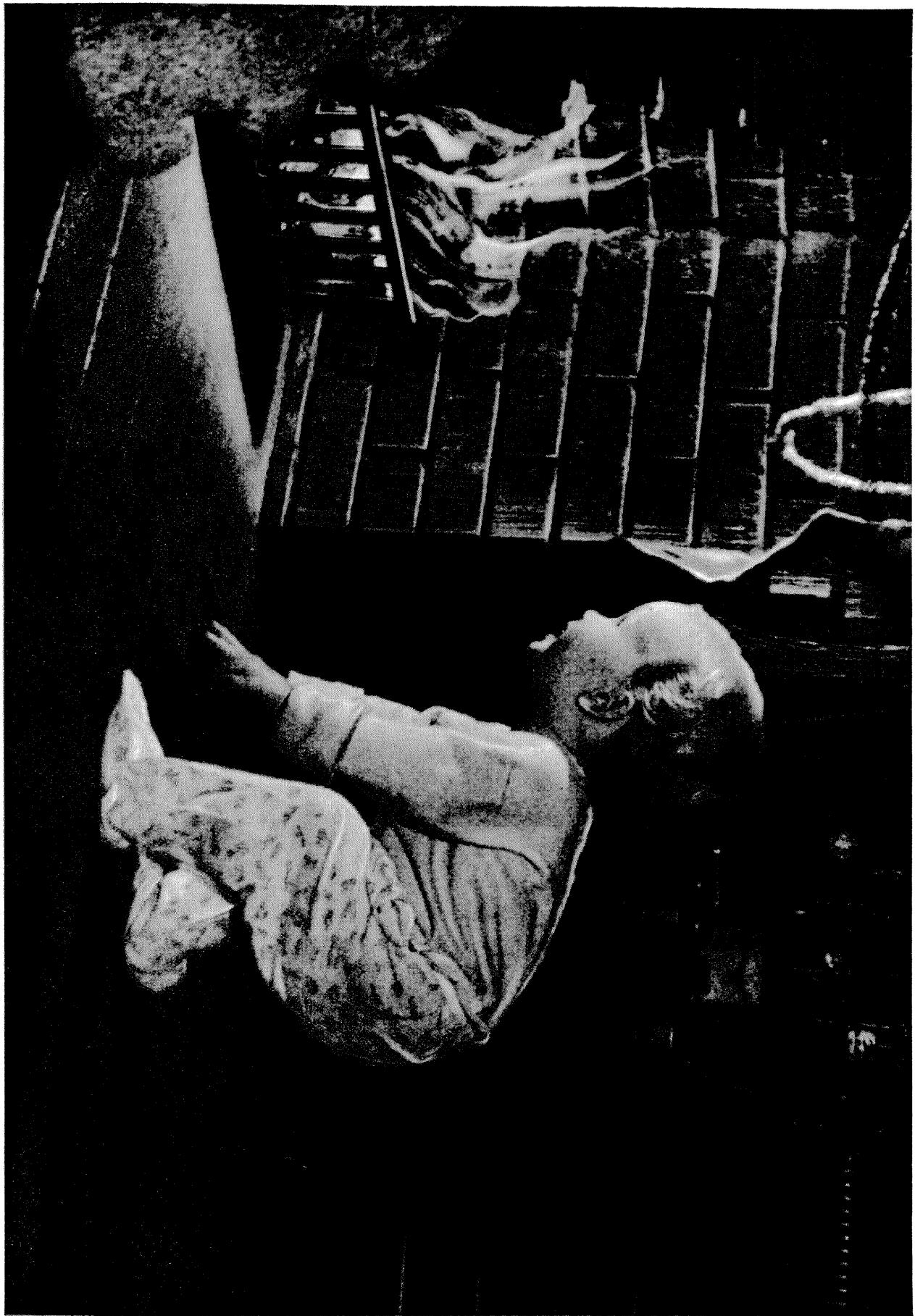
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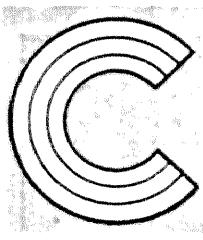
IN YULETIDE DRESS

Many Canadian cities are famous for their Christmas illuminations which convert drab buildings and business streets into a veritable fairy-land. The photograph shows Kitchener's City Hall in its Yuletide dress.



"Is that you, Santa?"

Photo by Wm. McCullaugh



Christ Is Born In Bethlehem!

The Origin of Some of Our Sweetest and Best Carols

"COME ALL YE FAITHFUL" is one of the oldest and most beautiful of the Christmas carols, dating back to the 17th century when it was sung in Latin, under the title of "Adeste fideles." Mr. F. Oakeley translated the song into English in 1841. It is an echo of the words of the wondering shepherds, who said one to another, after they had listened to the angels' message, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass"; and the wise men who not only went and saw, but fell down and worshipped the babe and presented gifts—gold, frankincense and myrrh.

"WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT" was composed by Nahum Tate, son of an Irish clergyman, who became the Poet Laureate of England, and

wrote many hymns. He has followed closely the wording of the Scriptural account of the Bethlehem shepherds, and the five verses are a consecutive description of the angels' message to the men. There are many tunes to these words, "Winchester Old" being one of the sweetest.

"SILENT NIGHT." This beautiful old carol has become a general favorite of all lands. The words were composed by Joseph Mohr, and the tune by Franz Gruber; and, in common with Phillips Brooks, the calmness and stillness of the occasion—the little country village, the lateness of the hour and the simplicity of the scene, seem to have inspired the poet. He speaks of the silence and the sacredness of that night of nights. There are just three short stanzas, yet they are masterpieces of simplicity, restraint and true poetry.

"HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING." The brother of a prominent

divine and one of the great masters both took a hand in giving us this universal favorite—Charles Wesley composing the words and Mendelssohn the music. Once again, the apparition of the angels to the unsuspecting shepherds has proven the inspiration for the theme, and the poet has worked in the actual words of the text in the first verse.

"O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM." It was while Phillips Brooks, the Bishop of Massachusetts, was on a visit to the Holy Land, and stood one night gazing at the little cluster of houses which constitute Bethlehem that he conceived this beautiful hymn.

The great theme of the carol is silence, serenity, quietness. He compares the lack of publicity which attended that wonderfully important event—the birth of a Saviour—while visitors by the thousands thronged the streets of the cities and towns not realizing the significance of the event—with the simple, quiet way in which Christ enters to-day into the hearts of those who are willing to accept Him. The tune was composed by Lewis Redner.

"To Save a Poor Sinner Like Me"

(Continued from page 7)
Him rejoice in His power to save from sin and satisfy and comfort, and would tell others of Him.

Christmas Day found us making good cheer amongst the men who have fallen out of the scheme of life and are as flotsam and jetsam. Again carols, again music and song; the message

The angels proclaim that the Saviour was born

To save a poor sinner like me

and then the good cheer of a generous meal.

"I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

Shall we not unite in prayer, more sincere and constant than ever we have prayed before, that in these days of trial to the world, the spirit of the Lord may find our hearts so pure, our lips so prepared for His message, that by our message He may convict souls of sin, of righteousness, of judgment to come, and that thousands shall seek Him as their chief desire.

Happiest Day of the year



SING IN EXULTATION!

A Selection of Favorite Yuletide Carols

SILENT night, holy night;
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild.
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in Heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds pray at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia.
Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born.

* * *

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled;
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth!
Ris'n with healing in His wings
Light and Life to all He brings;
Hail the Son of Righteousness!
Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

* * *

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of angels:

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the
Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Sing ye, all glory
To God in the highest;

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:



[Photo H. Armstrong Roberts

In the quiet heart of the bush

ONCE in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed;
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from Heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Liv'd on earth our Saviour Holy.

And, through all His wondrous Childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly Mother
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

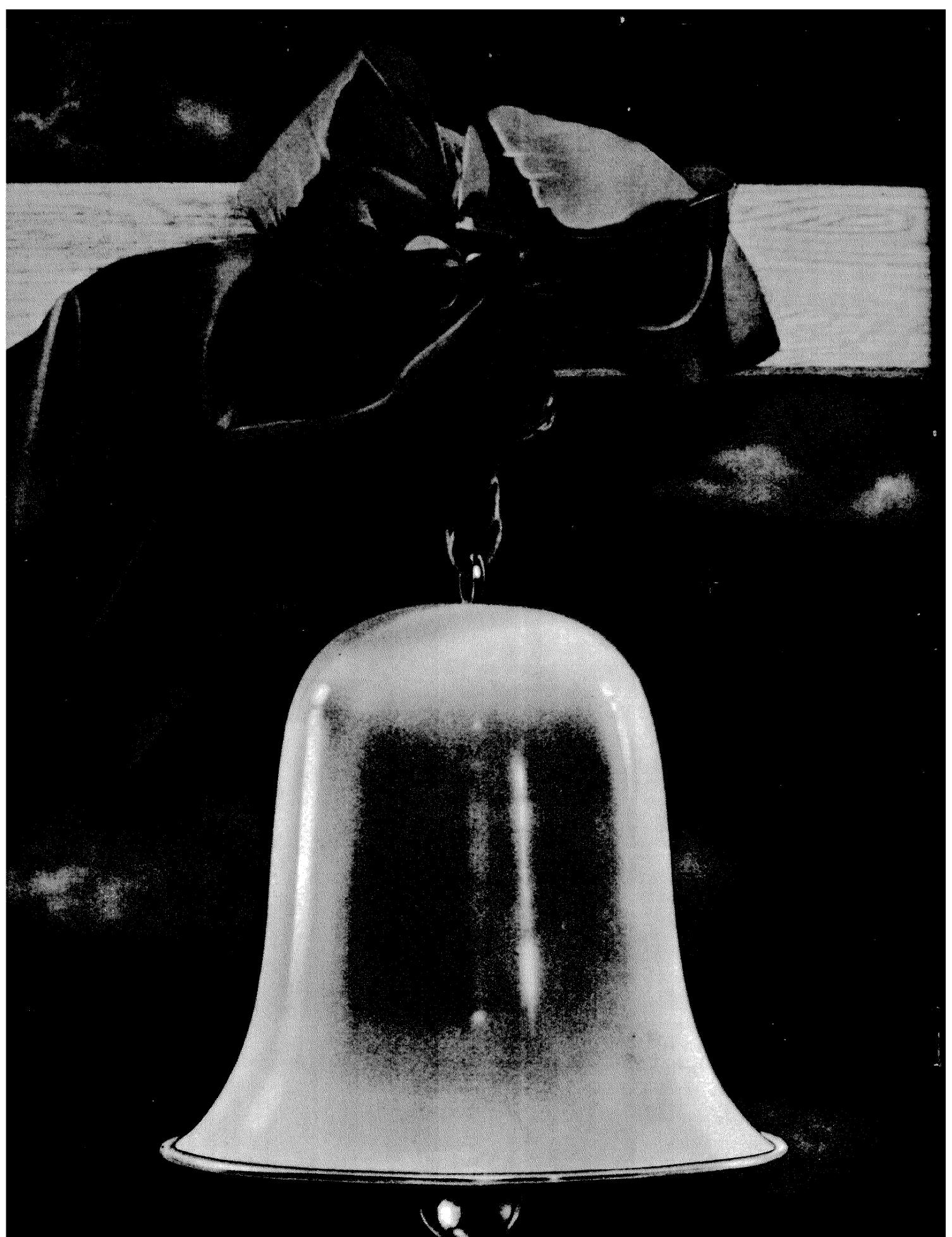
OLITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light,
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep,
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the Holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth!



Wherever there is a need, there you will find The Salvation Army





The War Cry Christmas Number, December, 1941